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UNWRITTEN LITERARY LAWS.

There has been some idea mooted of forming an Academy in England on the lines of the Academy of France, but it would never be the same kind of institution, or exercise the same authority. The English temper is not academic, the Royal Academy is proof enough of that. Moreover, Englishmen are indifferent to the use or abuse of their language and the first care of an Academy must be to keep the national language pure, and clear and elegant. The well of English undefiled is sadly muddy nowadays, and any roaring screamer of English or American slang is as welcome to those who call themselves critics as though he wrote like Matthew Arnold or John Morley. Lacking an Academy of Letters, and the writers who would make one, there is in London what is called a Society of Authors, which is supposed to resemble the Société des Gens de Lettres in Paris, but the English Society appears to be chiefly an association for the multiplication and publication of inferior works, and its authority on literature is *nil*. In addition to these, there are persons who call themselves literary agents; but these have a decidedly anti-intellectual influence, and to them is probably, in part, due the enormous increase in the issue of rubbish of all kinds, which is at the present time do-

ing so much injury to the English literary reputation.

The number of volumes which pour annually from the English press is, at the present hour, appalling. One house alone produces, in number, enough volumes for the whole trade. Why are these volumes, usually worthless, ever produced? Why do the circulating libraries accept them? Who reads them? Who buys them? Why does one see in the lists of London "remainders" the announcement of volumes originally published at six, eight, ten, twelve shillings to be sold second-hand, perfectly new and uncut, at the miserable prices of two shillings, eighteen pence, one shilling, and even sixpence? Amongst these is sometimes a work of real and scholarly worth, which it is painful to see thus sacrificed, but rarely; for it is rarely that such a work is now issued in London. Where is this to end? With whom does the fault of it lie? Some one, I suppose, must gain by such an insane method of over-production, but I cannot see who it can possibly be. One well-known publisher tells me that he must issue books thus, or starve. He is not in danger of bodily starvation, but the public is mentally starved by such a system.

When the three-volume novel was abolished (a course which I urged long

before it was taken) great things were expected by many from its abolition. I myself hoped that London would adopt the Paris method, and issue novels and all other works, except *éditions de luxe*, at small prices and in paper covers; not the gaudy, hideous, pictorial, paper cover, but the pale, smooth gray or cream-colored paper, so easily obtainable, with the title of the book clearly printed on its flank. Instead of this result, some unwritten law, as violently despotic as that which used to compel the three-volume issue, has decreed that the London romance shall always appear in a cloth-bound volume at six shillings; the most foolish price that could be selected, too dear to be suitable for private purchase, too low to allow of a handsome edition being issued. There is something grotesquely ludicrous, as well as extremely painful, in seeing the lists of "ten new six-shilling novels," or "a dozen new six-shilling novels," whereby some publishers' advertisement lists are disfigured in the newspapers with every new season. It makes a commerce of fiction in a manner most injurious and deplorable.

Again, no sooner has the six-shilling novel been a year before the public, than the publisher issues the self-same book at two-and-sixpence. Why does he cut his own throat thus? It is to me as inexplicable as why the London drapers sell you a stuff at six shillings a yard in February, but, if you wait till June, sell it you at two-and-sixpence a yard at the clearance sales. Either the stuff is sold at a price unjust and unfair to the purchaser in February, or it is sold at a price unjust and unfair to the vendor in June. From this proposition there seems to me no escape.

It is the same with the six-shilling book as with the draper's stuffs. If the first price be correct, why alter it to the second in a year's time? If the second price be sufficient to pay ex-

pense of production, why not start with it?

The draper, moreover, has an advantage over the publisher. If I want a stuff whilst it is a novelty, and when its like has not been worn by shop girls and servant girls, I must buy it at its high price in February; but if I want to read a novel whilst it is at its highest price, I can read it in that form, taking it from the libraries, and wait for a year to buy it at its lower price, if I then care to do so, which it is improbable that I shall do.

Now, why not have from first to last, in London, an edition of a novel similar to that French form which is good enough for Pierre Loti, for Gyp, for Anatole France, for the brilliant Frères Margueritte? Why?

I suppose because our masters, the librarians, will not have it so; or because some other unwritten law lies like lead upon the souls of London publishers.

I read few English books of the day myself, I prefer the literatures of other countries; but it pains me to see such a deluge of worthless verbosity pour from London lanes and London streets where printing presses of yore worked for Addison and Goldsmith, Thackeray and Arthur Helps.

If this stream of pseudo-literature, rarely defiled, is not stopped, it will carry away and swamp all pure English literature under it, as a moving bog covers flocks and pastures, cottages and country seats.

I have asked several London publishers why it is allowed to go on; their answers are evasive and contradictory. They assert that most of the volumes published are paid for by the authors; that they themselves must publish something, or cease to exist as a trade; and that the public does not know good from bad, so it does not matter what is printed. Yet, surely to them, as to the drapers, the apparently insensate

system must be lucrative or it would not be pursued?

There was a comical lamentation in the London Press the other day for what was called "the death of the novel;" not the approaching death which I expect for it by suffocation under the dust-storms of verbosity and imbecility, but of death by its own suicide, through its own curtailed proportions. It was indignantly asked why it was not as long as it used to be in the 'Fifties and 'Sixties, and why novelists now wrote short stories which in that period would have found no sale, would not, indeed, have even found the preliminary necessary to a sale-publication.

Surely we remember some short stories called "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Chimes," and others telling the adventures of the Great Hogarty Diamond and of one Barry Lyndon? As for the length of novels nowadays, my own "Massarenes," published in 1897, contains precisely the same number of words as "Esmond," and, I think, Mr. Mallock's novels, and those of Mrs. Humphry Ward, must surely be quite as long; whilst Mr. Hall Caine's marvelous narratives appear as endless as "the thread of Time reel'd off the wheel of Fate." The critic who grieves over the brevity of present-day volumes, thinks that Thackeray and Dickens wrote at such length because they were obliged to fill their monthly numbers! It seems to me far more likely that they were in love with their characters, as every writer of true talent is, and lingered tenderly over many needless details and dialogues out of sheer pleasure in their creations; and it must be admitted that both of them had naturally a discursive style, which would have been the better for some excision. But were it true that there is an unwritten law which limits or expands the length of romances according to the public caprice or

taste, surely nothing could be more harmful to fiction than such limitation. Every story, if it be worth the telling, has its own natural length, which cannot be stretched or shortened arbitrarily without hurt. The sculptor knows that the form which he creates has its own natural proportions, its own inherent symmetry, according to natural rules, which he must obey. The painter knows that, according to the nature of his subject, and of his intended treatment, he must take for his picture, either a small panel, a kit-kat, or a large canvas; and if he force its dimensions, either by over-compression or over-extension, his work will be a failure.

Why is the author not bound by the same canon of art? Artistically, he certainly is so bound. Intellectually, he certainly is so bound. That this obligation is continually defied and broken through by many English writers, proves only that the great majority of these writers are not artists in any sense of the word.

The brevity or length of a literary work can have nothing to do with its beauty or excellence. If it be beautiful, if it be excellent, its proportions will be those which naturally grew out of its subject; and the writer who is an artist will know, as the painter knows, that he cannot alter the unwritten law which prescribes to him those proportions. What has either length or brevity to do with either excellence or beauty? What give both excellence and beauty are qualities not to be measured by a publisher's counting up of words, or a printer's enumeration of pages.

A sketch of a few pages of Maupassant's is worth all the volumes put together of Georges Ohnet; one of the "Sonnets of Proteus" is worth the whole swagger of the "Seven Seas."

There seems to be, unhappily, an unwritten law in English literature that cheapness must of necessity be allied

to ugliness. A cheap book is, in England, an inferior and unlovely thing. But it need not be so. It is not so everywhere. I have now before me a book of Pompeo Molmenti's, issued by Demporad of Florence; its cost is two francs twenty-five centièmes; less than one-and-sixpence in your money. It is bound in thick cream-colored paper; it is called "Il Moretto di Brescia," being a brief study of the life and works of the great artist of whose pure and noble work the city of Brescia is full. That the text is of rare, scholarly excellence, and of the finest critical and appreciative qualities, there can be no question, since it is written by the President of the Accademia delle Arte of Venice. The type is large, the paper fine, the illustrations (photographed) are of extreme delicacy and beauty, rendering worthily the works of the Moretto; the size of the book is Imperial 8vo.

Will you tell me where I shall find anything equal to it at its price in London?

Your books are all ill-stitched, and fall to pieces as soon as one handles them. Your type is usually ugly, even at its best; all foreign readers complain of its clumsiness and confusing effect on the eyes. Compare a page of a Parisian book at three francs and a-half with a page of a six-shilling English novel. The former is incomparably the superior. Your cheap illustrated books are still more scandalously treated. I have before me a book priced four-and-sixpence, more than double the price of "Il Moretto." It is a book for children; its illustrations have been reproduced from earlier works, and they are not even all of the same method or the same size; some are printed from old wood-blocks, some are photographed; in one a child is represented the size of a fly, in another a dog is drawn bigger than a man; anything is thought good enough, it seems, for children.

Artistic beauty is entirely lacking in the illustrations of English juvenile books; and there is nothing so irritating as the sight of illustrations of various qualities bound up in the same volume.

Even certain illustrated periodicals and journals are not above using up their old wood-blocks in their new numbers. It is a very disgraceful and unworthy practice. When the illustrations are fresh, the designer frequently does not attempt to adapt them to the text; a gentleman is drawn like a cad, and a Newfoundland dog is drawn like a poodle; a peasant of the Romagna is drawn like a loafer in Shoreditch, and so on continually, without the slightest attention to accuracy.

There is also, beyond all doubt, an unwritten law which has been so universally observed that it has become, properly, as binding as a written law. I mean the law that when once a romance, or a story, or a poem has been published they cannot be altered.

What should we think of the painter who repainted his picture after sale, or of a sculptor who sawed off an arm from his statue, and affixed another? Both picture and statue may have many faults; they probably have; but such as they went out from the studio they must remain. This is the common morality, the elementary honor, of Art, and a similar canon should certainly lie upon Literature.

Yet some writers have of late presumed that they had a right to change the ending of their romances when these were already well known to their readers. They would urge, I suppose, that they have a right to do what they like with their own. But your work once given to the public is no more your own than your daughter is when you have married her, and she has become the *Gaia* of her *Gaius*.

Besides, there is an unspoken good faith on the part of the author which

should be observed in his relations towards the public. He should give them nothing which is incomplete; nothing, at least, which is not as harmonious as it is in his power to create. Every work of fiction requires to be long dreamed of, long thought of, clearly seen in the mind before written; it ought to be no more susceptible of change than a conclusion in Euclid. To the writer, as to the reader, of a story, it should seem absolutely true; the actors in it should appear absolutely real. The illusion of reality is only strong in the reader according to the strength of that illusion in the writer; but some such illusion must always exist whilst the reader reads fiction, or fiction would have no attraction for any one. The writer who alters his romance after it has once appeared destroys this illusion, and says effectively to his public, "What fools you are to take me seriously!"

Moreover, he insults them, for he tells them he has set before them a half-finished and immature thing, about which he has entirely changed his mind. He is like a cook who should snatch off the table a dish just placed on it because he wished to alter the flavor. A Vätel or a Soyer would not do that: if he had made a mistake he would abide by it, though he might kill himself in despite at it.

In the course of a literary or artistic life, or any other life from which the blessing of privacy has been lost, there are many wrongs met with which are real and great wrongs, yet which must be endured because they cannot be remedied by law suits, and there is no other kind of tribunal open; nothing analogous, for instance, to the German Courts of Honor in military matters.

There is, for example, a habit amongst some editors of seeking the expression of opinion on some political or public question, of some well-known writer; printing this expression of

opinion, and, before it is published, showing the proof to some other writer, so that an article of contrary views and opinions may be written in readiness for the following number. Now this seems to me an absolutely disloyal betrayal of trust. In the first place, the proof of an article is of necessity entirely dependent on the good faith of the editor. It is an understood thing, a tacit, unwritten law, that no one except the editor is to see it until the public does so. It is never considered necessary to stipulate this. To show it to a third person, to obtain a refutation, or a burlesque, of it before the article is published, seems to me a distinctly incorrect thing to do, an extremely unfair thing to do. Yet it is becoming a common practice; and a writer has no redress against it. It is manifestly not the kind of offence which can be taken into a tribunal, yet it is a very genuine and very annoying injury, and it is one against which I think that authors, whose name is of value, should be protected in some manner.

What redress, moreover, is there for the innumerable thefts from which a writer suffers during his career? I doubt if we, any of us, know the extent to which we are robbed by bookmakers who are not of the turf, but are quite as unscrupulous as those of the turf.

A few years ago I saw, in the pages of one of the highest class of London periodicals, a story, contained in one number, which was nothing more or less than the reproduction of the Derbyshire part of my well-known novel of "Puck;" the narrative of Ben Dare and his love for his worthless sister Anice. It was far more than a plagiarism; it was a monstrous theft. The name of a lady was put at the end of it as that of the author; of course, I wrote to the editor, expecting, despite previous experiences, to receive apology and reparation. I misunderstood my

generation. The editor wrote back with airy indifference, that the lady who had produced this shameless piracy had never read "Puck." To my citation, in reply, of the words of the Emperor Julian, "If it be sufficient to deny, who will ever be found guilty?" and to my objection that an appropriation of an entire section of a novel could not by any possibility be otherwise than an intentional theft, this model of editors replied not at all. I ought perhaps to have sued the publisher, who was doubtless quite innocent, but had I done so it is more than probable that I should have obtained no apology or redress. To begin a law suit is a very serious thing, and all grievances and piracies are so incessant, though few are quite as impudent as was this, that if one pursued them as they merit one would spend all one's life and substance in Courts of Law.

Moreover, in the case of the plaintiff in any suit residing out of England, a large sum for costs must be deposited at the English tribunal into which the suit is brought; a kind of foregone conclusion that the plaintiff has no valid case, which seems to me very prejudicial to that person.

What, then, is to be done in such circumstances?

Nothing at all. You must endure the injury, leave unpunished the plagiarism; and the offender escapes scot-free.

I do not think that any one should sue another for any mere expression of opinion, however hostile or rudely expressed, as Mr. Whistler sued Mr. Ruskin, for the liberty of the Press is of more importance than the annoyance of individuals.

But some protection is required against swindling in literature; and at the present moment none exists. Practically none exists either against libel. I saw, a few years ago, three very gross and libellous English newspaper

articles upon myself, and sent them to a high personage in the law, who is always kind enough to give me his advice, and asked him if he considered it worth while for me to prosecute them. He wrote me answer: "All three articles are foully slanderous, yet one only, perhaps, would come within grip of the law; upon this one you would most certainly obtain damages, but prosecution entails so much expense, trouble, worry and insult, to the aggrieved party, that I would always say to any friend of mine what I say now to you: Do not do that which you have a perfect right to do."

I followed the advice, for if one asks counsel of a person whom one respects, one ought to submit to it; but the fact remains that for the most offensive social libels, there is neither in law or in society, any means of obtaining redress which a great lawyer can honestly recommend to a friend. For such matters why cannot there be a tribunal set apart from other tribunals; one having the attributes of a Court of Honor, and without the odious publicity of Courts of Law?

In one of the Prince Consort's letters to his eldest daughter, then Crown Princess of Prussia, he tells her to set aside a portion of her money every year to meet the inevitable blackmail which will certainly be levied upon her. This blackmail is levied upon every kind of success as well as upon royalty; what is to be done? To submit to it is repugnant to all one's sense of justice; to rebel against it, however such resistance be justified, is often ruinous.

The true remedy would lie in a finer, juster, higher kind of public feeling; but where is there any likelihood of this arising in the world as it is?

My own feeling is very strongly always against the anonymity of the Press. Every one surely should have the candor and courage to put his signature after his opinions. But, unfort-

unately, the Press gains so much importance (fictitious importance) from its anonymity, that it is hopeless to ask for an unwritten or a written law on this subject. The arrogant "we" would soon fall to zero in its influence on the public if it were signed by a Tom, Dick or Harry, who, as Matthew Arnold used to say, forms his opinions from what he overhears on the knifeboard of a city or suburban omnibus. It is, perhaps, worthy of a nation which treats duelling as a penal offence to countenance anonymous assertions, anonymous opinions, anonymous bravado, and anonymous insults; but the result cannot be beneficial to the national character.

For many months in this past year, and in the year before that, hundreds of anonymous correspondents and leader-writers of the English Press have been doing their utmost by violence of language to drive to war the nations of England and of France. Is it not probable, even certain, that if all these writers had been obliged to sign their names to these furious articles, they would have paused before making themselves responsible for such language? I am often accused of using too strong language; but, at all events, I sign whatever I say, and I should be ashamed to do otherwise. An anonymous Press possesses dangerous privileges; such privileges as the mask gives a masquerade; it also, as I have said, acquires a dignity and an importance which are not its own; it is unfair and harmful; it protects exaggeration, hyperbole, flattery, and calumny, but it is too useful to too many not to be sustained; it can always serve the Bourses much better than a signed Press could do, and obey much more efficiently the nods and signs and cipher despatches of the great financiers; but it is cowardly, and can easily, if it choose, be dishonest.

It will, perhaps, be objected that the

anonymity of the Press is more apparent than real; that the greater writers of the London Press at least are all recognized by their style, or well known by the initiated; but this knowledge is limited to a few hundred persons, and can never be shared by the general public, and it is on the general public that anonymous journalism has its chief influence.

To whom or what can we look for the pressure of an influence which would enforce such unwritten laws? To public opinion? Undoubtedly we might, and we should, if public opinion were what it should be. But it is not, and, most probably, never will be. Breeding and manners grow worse every day; and it is they alone which could enforce that unwritten code which is so sorely needed. It is, after all, the absence of moral and honorable feeling in the world in general which makes the violation of these not only condoned by others, but frequently profitable to the sinners. Take two instances of this: The sale of private letters, both of the living and of the dead; and the seizure of the plots and characters of romances by people who are themselves dramatic adapters. The latter is the more trivial offence of the two; but it is as impudent as it is dishonest. It is injurious in a great degree, and extremely annoying to the original author, whose name is bawled and placarded about in connection with that of his robber, with no consent of his own, and usually to his extreme irritation, whilst his ideas are borrowed, and his characters travestied, and his entire creation belittled and vulgarized. Would the stalls be filled nightly to witness pieces stolen in this manner were the public governed by any unwritten law of respect for *meum* and *tuum*?

The other offence of selling letters is still more heinous; it is difficult to conceal the piracy of a romance for theatrical purposes, but it is perfectly easy

to conceal the sale of letters; head it the sale of autographs, and it passes with entire impunity. There is, I believe, a law (a written law) that letters are the property of the writer of them; but it is absolutely a dead law; as dead as many of those of the Tudors or Stuarts. I think that letters ought to be the property of the recipient, but it should be an inalienable property which he should be no more able to sell than he is able to sell entailed property. To write a letter, even a brief one, is, in a sense, an act of confidence. In writing it we assume that its contents will not be used against us, either for injury or ridicule. If a conversation be considered confidential, how much more so should a correspondence! A letter, in any degree intimate, is a hostage given into the hands of its recipient. We are justified in expecting that any sentiments, views, or opinions it may contain shall not go beyond the reader for whom they have been penned. This is so much to be desired in the interests of all letter-writers that no one, I think, can dispute its justice. What, then, are we to say of the constant appearance in catalogues of sales of letters of living and of lately dead, persons?

If it be, as I understand, illegal, why is it permitted publicly? If it be not thus illegal, why does not general indignation render it impossible? I have more than once seen, in the autograph albums of men and women of the world, letters of the most intimate character by distinguished writers; letters which had been evidently written in the careless open-heartedness of a warm friendship, and which were lying on a drawing-room or library table, open to the sneer, the jest, or the wonder of every one who turned over the pages of the book.

*"N'y touchez pas, N'y touchez pas!
Je l'ai payé vingt louis!"* cried, in my hearing, a lady (a *rastaquouère*), who

owned, amongst other autographs a letter which it was especially wrong to place in such a collection, since the writer of it is great and is alive. Not for twenty louis, not for twenty thousand, should it ever have been purchasable. What traitor sold it? What servant stole it? How did it find its way into the market, that familiar and intimate thing? Through treachery, through death, through accident, through greed? We shall never know. It was certainly not through friendship.

Surely, also, some unwritten law should prescribe and limit the license of caricature. It is scarcely fair that because a personality has interest and eminence attached to it, every draughtsman who can scrawl a line can make that personality hideous or ridiculous at pleasure.

"You cannot like it?" I said once to a person of considerable eminence, who was the subject that week of one of the "Portraits" of a satirical and political English journal of wide circulation.

"No, I do not!" he answered. "Of course, I should not object to it if it were a pen-and-ink drawing being handed about to amuse people in my own country house; but when one knows that it will be seen by tens of thousands of people who will never see me in the flesh, the thing becomes annoying."

His opinion must be shared by all those who are thus pilloried, even if they think it politic to laugh and seem indifferent.

It is "the penalty of distinction," the offenders reply. But why should distinction be weighted by a penalty, like the successful racer? I believe the world in general is the loser by this kind of persecution; for dislike to the vulgar ridicule which snarls at the heels of all eminence in this day, keeps aloof from the public arena men who would do honor to it, but whose

strength of intellect is accompanied by shyness, pride and sensitive reserve. Some unwritten law should also render impossible those verbal libels which are continually published by persons cunning enough to keep to the windward side of law in the offensive matter which they write. This is again another penalty-weight laid on the back of the racer who has won; and it is precisely this kind of penalty from which an unwritten law, in the Press, and in the world should protect such winners of the gold cups of life. Against libel, even of the grossest character, what can one do which is not more disagreeable than silently to "grin and bear" it? The great preliminary cost, the extreme uncertainty and irritation involved, the odious publicity necessarily incurred; the chatter, the comments, the cross-examination; the insolence and the jeers of the counsel for the defence, are all punishments which fall upon the plaintiff. What consolation is it for them that he may perhaps be awarded a thousand pounds damages, though it is more probable that he will receive only a farthing, and be left to the enjoyment of paying his own costs? In either, in even the best, result, is the game worth its very costly candle? Is the injury made less an injury? Is the combat not in every sense most unjust and unequal, being less a combat indeed than an assassination by a bravo? To what can we ever look for any remedy of this except from the unwritten law of opinion? But as the world is at present constituted it delights far too greatly in this garbage for it ever to rebuke the providers of it. Hogs do not rend the man who carries the swill-tub.

The unwritten law of common honor should make such a book as that which was recently issued on Bismarck impossible, because those who have the power of writing it would be above the temptation of doing so. There may be

a strong temptation to say what we know better than any other of one whose name is eminent. But I doubt whether we should yield to the temptation, even if we ourselves suffer in reputation by not doing so. But the book-makers of the world have no such excuse as this temptation offers; they are merely footmen who have listened with pricked ears whilst they waited at table on their masters, and, when their master is powerless to chastise, sell what they remember or invent. Even when it is not libellous, the sickening intrusion into private life which nowadays disgraces journalism must, to any temper of any refinement and reserve, be an offence irritating beyond endurance. There are flatteries and intrusions beside which censure is sweet and obloquy would be welcome.

There is a great pathos in the fact that the greatest man of these last fifty years, the man of blood and iron, should, as soon as he lies in his coffin, be insulted by such a book as this. The hand in its steel gauntlet, which welded fragments into a nation, is powerless to defend its owner against betrayal and false witness. The vulgar, insatiable curiosity of the general world breeds such traitors as these makers of post-mortem recollections; breeds them, nourishes them, recompenses them. There would be no supply if there were no demand. The general world has a greedy appetite for diseased food; as with its jaws it devours putrid game, decayed oysters, and the swollen livers of tortured geese, so it loves to devour with its frothy brain all that belittles, ridicules, dishonors, or betrays the few amongst it—the very few!—who are above it in mind, in will, in force, in fame. "Come, come!" they cry to the great man's servants when the great man lies dead; "tell us, you who saw him in his hours of abandonment, tell us of all that can drag him down nearer to our level! Tell us

of his varicocele, tell us of his dyspepsia, tell us of his caprices, tell us of his humors, tell us of his tears when his poisoned dog lay dying,—you saw them through the keyhole—tell us of his hasty words, his pettish foibles, his human mortal waywardness—you know so much about them, you who waited behind his chair and filled his tobacco-pouch—come, come, comfort us; his great shadow seems still to lie upon the earth, and make us small and crawling insects crushed by his spurred

boot—come, come, comfort us! Tell us, show us, make us happy belittling him; let us, the envious, the puny, the mean, rejoice, for you who cleaned his boot and held his bare foot in your hired hand, can tell us that he, the maker of emperors and of nations, he, the mighty, had Achilles's heel!" For there is an unwritten law, not of literature but of life, which decrees that the jealousy of the small soul for the great soul shall be cruel and deathless as Fate.

Ouida.

The Fortnightly Review.

SHALL CATHOLICS KEEP OUT OF ITALIAN POLITICS?*

The writer of the present article is a convinced Liberal who regards as enemies of their country those who would so much as dream of destroying its unity by impossible restorations. In this respect the withdrawal from political life of the obstinate *clericali*, who coquette with the idea of restoring Rome to the Pope, should be regarded by every Liberal with indifference, to say the least, if not with positive satisfaction. Old saws teach us the wisdom of accelerating the enemy's flight. Nevertheless, it is both curious and useful to study the mistakes of our adversaries, particularly when, as in the present case, their action has been harmful to their country through having signalled helped in the elimination of that religious sentiment which is so essential to the good morals and manners of a people.

Why do Catholics not come to the polls?

Men have been asking this question for years, but no reasonable answer has yet been offered. Among others, the Marchese Filippo Crispolti, a man

of cultivated mind and earnest convictions, undertook to demonstrate in an address, delivered at Bologna in 1897, that the papal interdict had reference not so much to the rights of the Church and the cause of the people in general, as to the special case of Italian politics. His reasoning was acute, but not convincing.

According to Crispolti, the Catholics could never have pursued in our Parliament any but a negative policy. The best they could hope was to alternate, correct, and partially nullify. No strong, organic, integral program was possible to them. On the other hand, all motive or inducement for Liberal action had ceased with the seizure of Rome, and the Kingdom of Italy was at a loss what course to pursue, while Parliament was more and more absorbed in mere political quibbles. Had the Catholics gone to the polls they might have recalled Montecitorio to a taste for high themes and mighty contests, and thus have retarded parliamentary decadence.

But childish sneers and vain protests

* Translated for *The Living Age*.

have never yet caused a principle to triumph or a party to prevail. An insensate anger must have blinded these clever, experienced and cultivated men to the true condition of things if they can fail to perceive that their obstinate abstention is not only harmful to Italy, but a perpetual menace to religion; a fatal error, in short, which will involve the ultimate ruin of the Catholic party itself.

I.

It is my purpose to consider this question from the point of view of a Catholic, settled in his own convictions and at peace with the world.

Italy is kept in a state of perpetual ferment by the conflict between Church and State; and the prime source of that bitter animosity which prevails is that temporal power of the Holy See, which actually disappeared on the 20th of September, 1870. If this conflict could but cease, the evils which affect us would be sensibly diminished. But the Vatican declares, and good Catholics are taught to believe, that our only hope of true peace lies in the restoration of the Pope to his abrogated rights.

Can then the temporal power of the Pope be restored such as it was up to the day when the Italian army entered Rome? Let us see. There are only two methods by which such restoration could be effected, namely, by physical or by moral force.

That the Italian clericals and partisans of the dispossessed governments can ever be the masters of a force strong enough to secure a return to the ancient order of things no one can seriously believe. The most cursory survey of those States of Europe which are governed by Liberal methods or profess some other faith than the Catholic, must, one would think, make it clear that the force requisite for the restoration of the temporal power will never

be directed to that end from any quarter beyond the Italian frontier.

But suppose, for a moment, that the day should come when some foreign Power, moved not by devotion to the Holy See, but by political interests, should choose to invade Italy for the purpose of replacing on his throne the successor of St. Peter. No day could be more disastrous to the cause of the Church and the Holy Father among us, because all those parties which are today so hostile, would then unite, and the whole nation rise in defence of its own independence and unity. Should Italy issue victorious from this kind of holy war, any one can see what would be the condition of the Pontificate and of the Catholics throughout the Peninsula. But if Italy were to succumb, it would be even worse, because the people's wrath would all be concentrated on an institution which might justly be regarded as the main cause of the nation's ruin. Our people would then desert the churches altogether, and feed their anger by hatching conspiracy and rebellion against the Pope, as the representative of the foreign oppressor. Nor would the protection of a foreign soldiery long enable him to hold his own.

But even if it were found possible to suppress all revolutionary attempts for a series of years, what would be the form of government maintained in the Pontifical State? What could it be, if the Pope is in truth a sovereign, save an absolute monarchy, like that which prevailed up to the 20th of September. Now that Papal Rome should be the one state in Europe, excepting Russia, to be governed by institutions antagonistic to the spirit of the age, and inconsistent with the rights of mankind, is inconceivable. Yet even if the Pope desired to rule by constitutional methods, his freedom would be circumscribed by the legislative powers vested in the Senate and the House.

There are, indeed, a few fanatics who

would welcome even the triumph of anarchy in the hope that such a catastrophe might shortly lead to a reaction in favor of the temporal power. But from such a convulsion, which would inevitably change the entire face of Europe, those alone would issue victorious who could hold their own against the terrible might of an ungoverned populace, given over to lust and greed. In common with all the other friends of order the Catholics would be overwhelmed by the Revolution, which not only denies but would fain destroy all religious principle whatsoever.

Such a catastrophe is, however, only the morbid dream of an isolated few. Europe has the force needful to avert it, and the mere instinct of self-preservation, natural religion, the love of home and property, would all work together against the essentially artificial sway of Socialism. . . .

There remains the hypothesis of the restoration of the temporal power by moral forces, and pious souls that would revolt from violent measures have been encouraged to hope for the re-instatement of the Pope by the late noticeable revival of religious feeling among us. But it must not be forgotten that if national unity were threatened, Italian patriotism would at once take alarm, and the Catholics would find themselves defeated in the very moment of victory.

The passion for national unity—the sentiment of independence—has penetrated all our intelligent classes, and the past twenty-nine years have seen the rise of many new and important interests, both public and personal, accompanied by a swelling tide of national pride and patriotism, which it would be not merely useless but suicidal to oppose. It is a dangerous thing to represent the Pope as hostile to this national spirit; and it seems incredible that Catholics should fail to perceive that their only hope of sav-

ing the Holy See lies in an active participation in politics: in the formation of a broad platform designed to promote the moral and social good of the entire country, and in letting it plainly appear that they propose to use legitimate means for legitimate ends, and aim only at the common good.

They should also return to Parliament men who will strengthen the hearts of members already there, who dare not confess themselves Catholics lest they incur the odium of being enemies to their country. The very candidacy of such men would tend to restore confidence.

II.

There is, just at present, a strange confusion at all political elections. There are Catholics, not a few, who make no political profession whatever, but come regularly to the polls, and vote, as Italians, for the men whose ideas correspond most nearly with their own. Others, who long abstained from voting, are now, through very weariness, passing over to the Liberal camp. Ambition, and a need of the emoluments of office, cause a good many desertions from the Catholic party; while many fervent believers who earnestly desire the restoration of the temporal power feel yet more strongly the necessity of infusing some sort of religious spirit into public instruction, the family and the army. They would soothe uneasy consciences and draw the clergy and laity nearer together, that the former may impart to domestic life in Italy more of the spirit of Christianity. There is a gulf between the two orders to-day which will not be soon or easily bridged; but the Holy See should address itself earnestly to the task if it would prevent the complete apostasy of society, and assist the ministers of religion to kindle

in the breast of other Italians the spark of a true moral and religious life.

The Catholic Church would do well to remember that the main strength of Protestantism lies in the close contact which it establishes between God and his ministers and the lay population; and that when men have become wonted to living apart from their pastors, and regarding them as hostile to their political convictions, apostasy will as surely follow as it has in the case of the German Catholics of Austria. And those of us who regard with equal reverence the sanctions of patriotism and religion, ought not to be too severe upon others who believe themselves to be acting conscientiously when, in the wholly needless conflict provoked by ecclesiastical intolerance, they separate their country from their faith, and give the preference to the former. The blame is theirs who created the antagonism, and woe be to the men who first set at variance the believer and the patriot!—who rent that ideal unity of faith and country which had throbbed in the heart of Italy from Dante to Manzoni!

The Italian laity neither despises the Italian clergy, nor is disposed to reject its aid. On the contrary, there are many of the more influential men in both Chambers, in the higher public offices and upon the bench, who desire to conciliate the clergy, and feel the need of uniting moral and religious with material force. Their attitude may be due to political expediency rather than conviction, to self-interest rather than a sensitive conscience; but why should the Catholics not profit by this tendency? Why should not these men who, owing to unfortunate circumstances, bear on their brows the fatal brand of enemies to their country, make no attempt to persuade Italians that neither the Pope nor his followers aim at the restoration of the foreign sovereigns, or the former subdivision

of the country? It ought to be possible for believers to express their views openly, but it never will be so until Catholic and Anti-national cease to be regarded as synonymous terms.

The past cannot return. Europe is becoming ever more imbued with the principles of liberty; and a national Church which is intolerant, both in ethics and politics, is neither desirable nor possible in a mixed society of believers and agnostics.

The sole strength of the Papacy is now its moral power, and on this its independence should be based.

The Pope in the Vatican, with the diplomatic corps gathered about him, enjoying facilities for rapid and secure communication with all parts of the Catholic world,—a privilege of which, in the present condition of things, no government can deprive him,—the Pope, under these conditions, can secure his own complete independence. The power he possesses of making his will known at any place, at any moment, of causing the voice of his conscience to penetrate to all parts of the civilized world with full assurance that his cry will everywhere find an instant echo, these are guarantees of independence far transcending the vain and ephemeral ones conceded by the temporal power. The so-called Law of Guarantees, faithfully observed so long as Minghetti and Visconti-Venosta directed the Italian State, has brought into clearer light the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy; and during the formidable *Kulturkampf* of Bismarck against the Vatican, the great German politician was obliged regretfully to admit that with the sacrifice of his temporal power, the now unassailable and inviolable Pope really gained in strength. In former days his territory could be occupied or threats of such occupation could be held out, but even Bismarck found himself helpless when

confronted by a spirit which resisted him in the name of the Lord.

If we could but hope to see realized at no distant day the fair vision of that saintly and apostolic soul, Geremia Bonomelli! "Why," asks Bonomelli, "should the voice of Peter's successor, once so powerful, not ring majestic still? Why should he, who is the father of the faithful, the supreme judge of rights and duties, according to the standard of the Gospel, he who is called by all the Holy Father, who has been set by God himself high above all that party strife which frets us here below, the august representative of the most firm and ancient, even humanly speaking, of mundane institutions, why should he not be the final or pacific arbiter in all those questions which force the nations of Europe to maintain armies to shed their blood, and which, only too often, entail their ruin? What umpire could be more authoritative, more impartial and more trustworthy than he? And what throne would then be more glorious, more venerated and more inviolable than his? What a gain for moral prestige were this unarmed power to be recognized as the final tribunal for trying all questions which menace the peace of the world! What a contrast between this tremendous moral force and the vanity of material prowess! What a new order of things! Societies have been founded for the furtherance of a perpetual peace between nations. The aim is a plious one, but how is it to be attained? Men have spoken and still talk of arbitration. Good! There have been arbitrators who were nobly successful; and the names of three Italians, F. Sclopis, Visconti-Venosta and Leo XIII. have been hailed with warm and well-merited applause. Why not create a permanent tribunal or court of arbitration, and place the Holy Father at its head? What authority could be more venera-

ble than his? Who could furnish better guarantees of impartiality? He, the father and master of two hundred and fifty millions of Catholic believers; he, revered even by Protestants; he, who has no longer a temporal kingdom and cannot be suspected of partizanship, who, by virtue of his divine office, is a judge in moral questions,—he should be the presiding officer of a great assembly where all the nations of Europe would be represented. I know that in order to abolish war we must first abolish human passions, the individual, and still more the collective and national, which are ever the prime cause of war. But such a tribunal would, at least, render war more difficult and make it easy to fix the responsibility for a hostile outbreak, if such should occur. Why should not the preachers of perpetual peace consider the possibility of making the Holy Father president of a court of arbitration? Will that blessed day ever come? God grant it!"

The words of the saintly Bishop of Cremona have the solemn ring of prophecy, and may seem to some but the vagaries of a poet's dream, but all great events were first rocked in the arms of poetry.

The Conference at the Hague will not greatly advance the cause of peace, but the idea was a wholly noble one, and the possibilities of arbitration will, at least, be discussed. And as a matter of fact, no man combines so many titles to be the head of a court of arbitration as the Pope. A king without a territory—the aged head of an elective monarchy,—the greatest of living moral forces,—father of all the faithful, and bound to no nation,—why should nor Italy herself, upon fitting occasion, suggest the appointment of the Pontiff to this post? The Roman Question would then work out its own solution, a peaceful and an honorable one. The Pope would then be placed under

the protection of all the powers of this world, of whom he would at the same time be the judge. What an era! *Ordo novus* indeed, alike for Italy, the world and the Church!

III.

All, even the free-thinkers in their devotion to universal liberty of conscience, must admit that the Pope, as the director of Catholic consciences, ought to be and to appear free.

But how is such a freedom to be secured? Many methods have been tried at different times and in different places. During the first three centuries the force which guaranteed the independence of the Pope was martyrdom. After the liberty of the Church was secured by Constantine, the Pope was a citizen and subject up to the time of Gregory II., during whose pontificate began the citizen's transformation into a prince. A prince, however, rather moral than material, whose primacy offered no sure protection to the oft-times dispossessed, imprisoned, exiled, even murdered, pontiff.

As sovereignty developed for the nations of Europe, so it did in like manner for the Pope, becoming as absolute in his hands as in that of other kings, and so remaining from the days of Alexander the Sixth up to recent times. It may freely be admitted that it was at one time necessary for the political power of the Pope to be absolute, in order that he might defend his spiritual authority. But from the day when royal prerogative came down from its eminence, and kings were forced to seek support in the will of the people, this spiritual authority needed no further protection. To-day there is no possibility of absolute political power, because our more developed civilization revolts from the thought of material and invokes moral force. The whole world, notwithstanding-

ing its enormous armaments, is seeking for the support of that moral strength which may counterbalance the material.

The restoration of the temporal power in its original form is impossible and needless. The times demand for the Holy Father guarantees of a far different nature,—demand that moral allegiance which alone is practicable and worthy of his acceptance. It used to be said (Bellarmine) that a temporal sovereignty was essential to the Holy See, *propter iniquitatem temporum*, and it was true. But to attempt to bind the freedom of the faith to this or that condition or mode of being is absurd. The Church and the Pope live in the world and must follow its phases,—where these do not infringe on dogma or ethics,—and the civil supremacy of the Holy See was not, is not, and never will be an article of faith.

To invoke the restoration of the temporal power under its old conditions is not only a vain demand, but one which seriously imperils Catholicism in Italy. But the Pope, shut up in the solitude of his palace, cannot feel the heart of Italy beating against his own. He is in truth a prisoner, though not of the Italian government, but rather of a few haughty irreconcilables who prevent the voice of the Italian people from reaching his ear. Nor does he even hear the voice of the Episcopate which is brought into daily contact with Italian society. Were the Pope to gather the Bishops of Italy about his chair, and inquire of them, all, even those most resolutely opposed to our free institutions, would tell him that by its present obstinate attitude the Vatican is doing its best to compromise the interests of the clergy and the still higher interests of religion itself. The Bishops can command their countenances and *obey*, but they neither do nor can they approve in their hearts the negative policy of the Vatican.

IV.

In the present state of things there could be, humanly speaking, no better remedy for the religious depression of Italy and of the Holy See than a frank participation in political life. Under our existing form of government a given party is influential just so far as it makes itself represented in the political elections. Any one can see that if the boycott of the polls be prolonged, many Catholics who have thus far remained stalwart, will yield to the temptation and take part in politics, notwithstanding the prohibition; while the others will adapt themselves to the comfortable policy of inaction and expectation.

Since the electoral law of 1882, by which the condition of elections was radically altered, the *non expedit* appears more absurd than ever.

There is no longer a privileged class of educated people enclosed in party-lines of denial and animosity, which chooses as its representatives persons devoted to its own interests and views. Almost every man is now called upon to give his vote for some one person, as conscience or his private opinion may dictate.

The Radicals, recognizing this, have been quick to take advantage of the fact, and at every election an increased number of Republicans and Socialists is returned to the Chamber. Perceiving that its own interests are threatened by the formation of this fourth estate, whose disorderly tendencies are a menace alike to property, family and the whole social order, the middle-class is urging its employees to enroll themselves among the electors, and paying masters to teach them at least to write the name of their candidate.

And now the priest finds himself confronted by a crowd of conforming Catholics begging to be told whether they may obey their employers. If the priest

repeats the instructions he has received from Rome, he finds himself at odds, not only with the professional anarchist and his subversive doctrines, but also with such Conservatives as desire, from interested motives it may be, to prevent that unbridled license from which the Church would be the first to suffer. Just so long as it was a question of a few members who agitated in Parliament the interests of a limited circle, the people at large remained indifferent; but now a large section of the population takes an active and enthusiastic part in the elections, and it seems strange that the Vatican does not perceive how dangerous it is to say to this crowd of electors:—"You are to take no share in the polities with which your interests are so intimately bound up. The Church forbids it." This unfortunate advice offers to many an upright spirit the temptation to disobey and withdraw from a Church which seems to court catastrophe by forbidding its sons, in a time of supreme peril, all legal means of self-defence; thus weakening yet more that reverence for authority which it ought rather to reinforce by any and every means.

There is a large part of the Italian territory which even the Vatican admits to have been legally annexed to the kingdom, namely, Piedmont and Liguria which were its original members, and the Venito-Lombard territory, through the formal cession of its ancient masters, the vote of the inhabitants and the recognition of the Powers. The citizens of these provinces have, therefore, the legal right to consult their own advantage by helping to make and apply laws through their political representatives. Is it not the height of folly to demand the abstention of the half of a kingdom, which, even in the eyes of the Church, was legally founded? Why should any Italians be condemned to forego the exer-

cise of one of the noblest prerogatives of civil life?

The Pope should, of course, enjoy a true and stable independence in the government of the Church. Now, in the conflict between Church and State, entire liberty cannot be secured by conventions, guarantees, or a *Concordat*. Rulers, even the best intentioned, are subjected to the deliberations of their parliaments whose elements change with each new election, so that any year may see abolished or altered the decrees of the year before.

Cannot the Vatican understand that Parliament alone can legally uphold and maintain the rights of the Church?

Even should the number of Catholics returned to Parliament be small, let there be at all events a little group capable of making its voice heard, and which, increasing by imperceptible degrees, may at last unfurl a banner of its own.

In the first years of United Italy there were less than twenty deputies who professed themselves clericals, but these took no small part in the discussions of the Chamber and had sufficient weight to prevent, by their votes,—up to the reorganization of 1866,—the enlistment of the clergy, the requirement of civil marriage, the suppression of the religious congregations and the banishment of religion from the schools. The time is coming when Catholic interests will again come up for discussion in Parliament, and not a voice raised in their defense. Now, silence is the death of speech. By silence man loses not merely the habit of easy speaking, but the courage to speak at all.

If from the very beginning the Catholics had frankly entered the arena of politics they would have to-day in the Chamber a large group of deputies efficiently defending their cause.

Many a man who at heart desires nothing more than the happiness and

honor of his country is anxiously asking himself to-day whether or no Catholic intervention in public Italian life would be a detriment and a danger for Liberal institutions. Many a one inquires with trembling whether the flattering dream of a reconciliation between Italy and the Papacy might not easily transmute itself into a gloomy vision of papal omnipotence. "On the day," writes Padre Curel, "when the Holy See accepts the unity of Italy it will summon to its presence all Catholics who are loyal to their country, and accepting the present condition of things, each will strive to do his best for the interests of Catholicism."

Certainly if the Papacy and Italian Unity were reconciled, it would rest with the Church to defend and enforce its doctrines, and as soon as Catholics are free to go to the polls they will have to come to some understanding among themselves and issue a national Catholic manifesto, as has already been done in Belgium under a government as democratic as that of Italy.

We know the familiar objections of the Liberal party which has always opposed, politically and civilly, the mission of the Church. It holds, in Italy as in Belgium, a sort of civil monopoly of the lay institutions of charity and instruction, and will continue to do so till the Catholic party undertakes to dispute its claims. And since they have seen in Belgium how, in a time of conflict, the Liberals prove powerless to resist Catholic aggression, it is natural that many Italian Liberals should still rejoice in the *non expedit*.

And so it is that by this watchword the Vatican secures the safety—nay, the very life of Radicalism, and the irreconcilable Catholics become the actual allies of the Radicals, who have no fault to find, whatever, with the supporters of the *non expedit*, but rather object to such as favor the participation of Catholics in politics.

The irreconcilables of the Vatican hope that the Radicals, left to themselves without either the rivalry or the restraint of the Catholic party, will ruin and destroy the Italian State, and the tide then turn in their own favor. But those are but vain imaginings which mirror the restoration of the temporal power upon the ruins of United Italy, and their realization is rendered doubly impossible by the impregnable force of Italian patriotism, which is as indestructible as religion itself. We Liberals have no fear that the Catholics will ever become overwhelmingly powerful; but we earnestly desire their participation in Italian political life as the best means of deliverance from the rabid animosities of the present moment, when personal passion and spite have replaced the great principles of statesmanship. When the National Catholic party is formed the Liberals will have to oppose them, and then the true constitutional struggle will begin, and from the conflict will be developed sound principles and firm convictions; for what we fight for we believe.

Luigi Luzzatti, always a brave champion of liberty of conscience for all, has publicly invoked the participation of the Catholics in politics, thus carrying out the thought of Camillo Cavour, who, when he accepted the celebrated order of the day declaring Rome the capital of Italy, had in mind the design of Gioberti to substitute, for the temporal lordship of the Pope, a spiritual

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supremacy. It was by the *Concordat*, and not by violence, that Cavour desired to put an end to the temporal power; but with the clear insight peculiar to him, he could not fail to perceive that the result of his great moral revolution might be a preponderance of Catholics in political life, and with a calm provision of the future, he arrogated to himself the rôle of leader of the Liberal opposition.

Luzzatti says truly that the only way to purify public life in Italy is to set the Catholic party face to face with the Liberal; thus compelling the latter to adopt some platform of moral and social doctrines as a counterpoise to that of their opponents. Left to themselves the Liberals will waste their strength in idle brawling and a vain squabble for office. It will be their salvation to have to hold their own, both against Pietists and Socialists; for religion and socialism aim at one end by different means, and alike defend their respective causes with all the fire of a passion nourished on the ideal. Only by steadyng themselves against the shock of these two forces can the Liberals recover their prestige and pursue those great purposes whose accomplishment is now, as ever, their mission in the world. To the life of a truly Catholic nation, as to that of its Parliament, both a Liberal and a Catholic party are essential. If one disappears the fire of the other is soon extinguished.

Pompeo Molmenti.

IT IS THE TRIFLES MATTER MOST.

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,
But little ones go in and out all day.

Frederick Langbridge

THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

The moralist is justified in issuing grave warnings against sentimentality. An artificial excitement of good feeling, an expenditure of emotion without adequate cause and in pure waste, it is the foible or vice of effeminate men and half-educated women. Brought to the test of the real, it proves, in most cases, to be the comedy of sentiment; and even if sincere, it undergoes a ludicrous collapse, being incapable of reduction into practice. Sentimentality, then, might loosely be defined as an indulgence of feeling for the feeling's sake, or as wasteful emotion; but so much is denounced under the term, that definition is rendered impossible. Indeed, the one thing definite about sentimentality is that the English-speaking races detest it thoroughly, whatever it may be. Nay, it would almost seem as if, under penalty of severe censure, we must embrace utilitarianism in its most rigid form, and decide forthwith that all sensibility is sentimental, and all feeling intrinsically disgraceful.

What, then, do we understand by this term of disparagement or condemnation; this term which in our common usage means everything, or something, that is very bad? Before we use it, we ought at least to have made it clear to ourselves what this everything, or something, is. And perhaps we may be helped to clearer comprehension by a little journey into the land of the sentimentalists; by a brief examination of certain writers who are commonly accused of sentimentality. To begin with, we shall find that these writers, each in his own way, labored to ascertain the permissible degree of sentiment, the not too much, and the not too little; and that they were hampered in their task by a defective termino-

logy,—a terminology which is still defective, and more confusing than ever. Thus our English writers of the eighteenth century required sensibility, and deplored its excess. But they could not express this excess by any simple word. The French of to-day can draw a distinction between the sensible man who is naturally open to sympathetic emotions, and the sentimental man who artificially excites his own good feelings for the pleasure, or presumed honor, which he derives from them. But our ancestors knew not what to understand by "sentimental;" and at present we are reputed "sensible" almost in proportion to our lack of sensibility; while, again, it is very possible for our French contemporaries, and barely possible for ourselves to use "sentimental" as an epithet without implying summary condemnation.

It was in the middle of the eighteenth century, and considerably before the appearance of "*The Sentimental Journey*," that one of Richardson's many devoted correspondents declared herself at a loss to understand the meaning of the word "sentimental," so much in vogue of late. "In letters and common conversations I have asked several who made use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—'sentimental.' Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in the word; but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible that everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a 'sentimental' man; we were a 'sentimental' party; I have been taking a 'sentimental' walk." Now Richardson himself barely employs the word. In "*Sir Charles Grandison*" it is after a sententious tirade against

romantic girls who prate of first love, more rightly styled first folly, that Lady Grandison draws up suddenly, fearing she is too sentimental: "The French only are proud of sentiments at this date; the English cannot bear them; story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable." This is to say that Richardson, offering amusement in the hope to secure reformation, protests against the neglect of the lay-sermons which he embodies in his stories. Not that he really feared, or had need to fear, such neglect. He was indeed especially admired as a director of consciences. "A Friend" could collect, in a stout volume (printed for S. Richardson) what he calls the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions and Reflections, of the truly illustrious philosopher and modestly anonymous author, whose works amiably illustrate and enforce the proper virtues of Man and Woman, Parent and Child, Old Age and Youth, Master and Servant! Nowadays, it may be, we do not consult this collection of "elevated thoughts, beautiful sentiments, and instructive lessons" in our hours of embarrassment with regard to the whole, or particular, duty of man. We remember Richardson if we remember him at all, as an artist who furnished a noble tragedy in his account of that Clarissa whose virtue brought her no material rewards, and as a moralist who laid himself open to caricature, who was ludicrously immoral when he celebrated the worldly success of the prudential Pamela. But it is worth while to remember also that Richardson possessed an intimate and minute knowledge of the human heart, and labored worthily to apportion the rightful dues of reason and feeling, of sense and sensibility. The sentiment he wished to inculcate is of the domestic and "proper" order; and his heroes are sentimental (as he understood the

meaning of the word) because they are apt to deal in sententious maxims and moral aphorisms.

Here the question arises whether our ancestors, in the age of Richardson, were accustomed to improve the occasion, and favor their friends and acquaintances with spoken sermons-in-little. Unless English nature has wholly changed in a century, the mother of fine phrases would most probably have been shunned, or treated to some such curt objurgation as was bestowed by Sir Peter Teazle upon his nephew. We can prove at most that the display of sentiments and of moral aphorisms was allowed and prized in epistolary correspondence; and that, in certain cases, this moralizing was prompted by, or associated with, wasteful emotion. Thus Miss Seward, one of our "sweet sermonizing epistolarians," could regret the absence of a friend in the following manner:—

Pleasant were the weeks we have recently passed together in this ancient and empowered mansion! I had strongly felt the silence and vacancy of the depriving day on which you vanished. How prone are our hearts perversely to quarrel with the friendly coercion of employment at the very instant in which it is clearing the torpid and injurious mists of unavailing melancholy. . . . Virtuous friendship, how pure, how sacred are thy delights! Sophia, thy mind is capable of tasting them in all their poignance; against how many of life's incidents may that capacity be considered as a counterpoise!

And not only could such a letter be handed about and copied as if it were written by Madame de Sévigné, but an admiring public, or section of the public, could welcome six volumes of the kind.

After Richardson came Rousseau, his admirer, and the first European writer, as Richardson was the first English writer, to awaken the enthusiastic ad-

miration of women. In the midst of a polished and immoral society he gave forcible expression to the sentiment of peaceful and domestic life. French women were delighted to recognize themselves in the Julie of "La Nouvelle Héloïse," and discover that they were possessed of hearts and feelings. They apostrophized virtue and principle in their letters, like their English sisters, but with the added fervor which distinguished Julie from the heroines of Richardson. And more than this they followed their master in conceiving the necessity of a self-revelation which should be unpleasant and complete. As for the master himself the apostle of Sensibility, who was so potent for good and ill, Hume well described him in a letter to Blair: "He has only *felt* during the whole course of his life, and in this respect his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any example of. . . . He is like a man who was stripped not only of his clothes, but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous elements." This physical image of a shuddering and mortal exposure is not a whit too strong. A life in which sensibility is taken as the sole rule of conduct will be a life of painful error. Reverie will usurp the place of action, and pleasurable emotion that of duty. Rousseau confesses, in the pride of his humility, that he is exceptional, and wholly unfitted for a society which is based on obligation. He has his uneasy consciousness that the good-will of emotion is apt to come short of the deed; but a self-deceiver, and fully convinced that his heart is good, he lays the blame not on himself but on civilization. In short, it was impossible for him to enter into reasonable relations with any single human being.

In England, Hannah More,—a blue-stocking of sentiment according to De Quincey,—is the first writer I find who employs "sentimental" in its disparag-

ing connotation. Publishing, at the age of twenty-two, an essay on "The Danger of Sentimental or Romantic Connections," she complains of the wanton perversion of that good and plain term "sentiment." Sentiment is now but the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice; and now the worst of men and women are sentimental, that is to say, they plume themselves on their ability to speak and write sentimentally. Upon which she proceeds to deal with that betrayal of rustic and confiding maidens by town rakes, which supplies, as we may remember, the almost inevitable theme of novels in the eighteenth century. Your all too credulous damsel, according to Hannah More, has her head originally turned by the reading of pernicious romances, and confirms her insanity by sentimental correspondence, sweetest if clandestine, with a sentimental friend who encourages her to dwell upon the tyranny of sordid parents and the supreme importance of romantic and disinterested love. She is now in a fit condition to become the victim of a designing man who, perceiving much vanity and some sensibility in the object of his pursuit, addresses his compliments to the perfections of her mind rather than to those of her person, answers sentiment by rhapsody, and outvies her in contempt of illiberal prejudices. And our motherly Minerva of twenty-two, by way of conclusion, is inclined to think that the fatal error is due to a confusion of sentiment and principle; sentiment is of the head, whereas principle has its righteous seat in the heart. The proposition would be somewhat startling, did we not remember that she is reprobating what the French call *amours de tête*; and, of course, she is wholly free to indite a rhyming epistle in praise of sensibility, and tell over on each fit occasion the bead-roll of the contemporary great to whom the val-

ued quality may be ascribed. These, and herself are for deeds not for words. The true votaries of sweet Sensibility, she is sure, will not "waste on fancy what should warm the heart," or "weep o'er Werther while their children starve." She welcomes Mackenzie, "the tender moralist of Tweed," but will have none of the "perverted Sterne," however touching may be his page.

Censure may at once be passed on Sterne in his character as the philanderer, if the censure is made proportionate to the offence. Such genuine sentiment as is to be discovered in his letters goes forth to his daughter. He is interested in the material comfort of his wife, but endures her absence with easy philosophy. Once on a day, indeed, he yearned to steal from the world with her to some little sun-gilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill, there to learn of Nature how to live. Once on a day, if she were absent, he would hire her lodgings, bedew his solitary meal with tears, and give a thousand and pensive penetrating looks at the chair she had so often graced in their quiet and sentimental repasts; or he would visit the good Miss S—, their *confidante*, and vent "such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathize in the dressing-room." But now, of course, the tone of his epistolary correspondence with her must be that of amiable indifference; for he believes, in all good faith, that matrimony is incompatible with sentiment. Yet he must ever have a Dulcinea, in order that he may "harmonize his soul." And pray how may you grudge him his method of harmony, if, like his Sentimental Traveller, he "never does a mean action, except in some interval between one sentimental passion and another?" He but needs, as he assures us, to make himself believe that he is in love, and then he may proceed in the

French way, sentimentally; though, indeed, the French "have no precise idea annexed to the word," and are arrant bunglers, since they "make love by sentiments." It is amusing enough that he can report to his Dulcinea-Eliza that he has passed a sentimental and tearful afternoon with Mrs. James, talking of nothing but her "sweet virtues and endearing conduct," or with old Lord Bathurst who "heard me talk of thee with uncommon satisfaction,—for there was only a third person, and of sensibility with us." But when he holds out to two at least of his Dulcineas the possibility that some day he may be a widower, or asks his daughter to sympathize with him in his grief, that the "incomparable woman," her mother's rival, lies ill, it is not so much ridicule as contempt which he deserves.

It is commonly understood that sentimentality is incompatible with the sense of humor, and yet Sterne ranks with the great humorists; he has added Uncle Toby to the scanty number of those typical creations which serve to excite endless reflection and comment upon the mysteries and incongruities of human nature. It is true that Uncle Toby is an incarnation of sentiment. But he is presented humorously; and I know not whether it is more truly surprising that Sterne, being what he was, could approve himself, in this instance, the dramatic humorist, or that he could offer sentiment with so little admixture of doubtful elements.

Now the sensibility of the eighteenth century was, in its best form, humanitarian. Uncle Toby is the most humane of men, and not only benevolent but beneficent, when occasion offers. His sentiment is infused with faith, hope and charity; he has the guileless and simple heart; his wisdom is that of love. But humor depends, as it were, on a conspiracy between writer and reader. In the case of Uncle Toby, we and Sterne perceive that he is an

object for tender mirth, lovable and absurd, and lovable almost because of his absurdity. He delights in war, and is wholly humane; the man of sentiment, he may not understand his brother, or be understood by his brother, who yet does not fail in affection. And it is part of the humor that we should make a return upon ourselves, and consider that our instincts are for peace, but also for war; and that irony may play forever upon our sympathetic and social intercourse. But Sterne is no Cervantes, and we may not be sure that his design goes further than to make us share his admiration of Uncle Toby, and laugh with him at his discovery that Uncle Toby lacks that common-sense which we and Sterne are proud to possess. Sterne did well also to seclude his hero of humane sensibility so thoroughly from the world, for sensibility would fare but poorly in the press of men. A different hero were required and a pathos other than Sterne could command. A Colonel Newcome, for example, proves to be a pathetic figure whose suffering is unmerited, or merited, because he has not somewhat of the wisdom of the serpent added to his child-like simplicity.

- Be this as it may, Sterne presently designed, in "The Sentimental Traveller," to foster in the world at large that sensibility, that spirit of humanity, with which Uncle Toby was so admirably endowed. He would teach us to "love each other better than we do," and this by narrating a little journey of his own, "a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of Nature." But in giving free exercise, in this journey, to his natural affections, he has also set loose that personal humorist, that jester with the satyr's leer, who remained fairly abashed and silent in the presence of Uncle Toby. He is journeying forth in quest of those adventures which he is sure will never fall to the man who interests his heart in the pass-

ing scene; but he mars his pathetic incidents by pushing into the foreground to display his tear-bedewed handkerchief and his superfine feelings. For he is both a master and a master offender in the art of pathos. Yet if we set aside his tricks of false pathos and lewd innuendo, we can follow the Sentimental Traveller with delight, so natural is he in his affectations, if not in his affections; and so engaging when he confesses, with a smile, his lapses from sentiment, or applauds with light malice the victories which his tender sensibility carries off against oppressing wisdom. And, besides, he offers us a series of vignettes so lively and vivid that we are tempted to define sentimentality as the art of extracting the picturesque from a given situation. Our Traveller is light of heart, facile in sympathy, amused and ready to amuse; an optimist who is expressly concerned to show that, if we but yield ourselves to the gentler passion and affections, we learn the better to appreciate, not only one another, but, as he adds, the world.

And here Sterne parts company with his disciples; with Heine the Sentimental Traveller of the "Reisebilder," and with Jean Paul Richter, the main body of whose work is, as it were, a sentimental journey through life. For these two are humorists and pessimists; humorists, whose sentiment is a rebellion against the despotism of fact. It matters not that Matthew Arnold, in giving this definition of sentimentality (a definition much the same as that which Heine furnished), was seeking to characterize the Celtic temperament. One may readily grant that the Celt is marked by sensibility or sentimentality (Matthew Arnold uses the terms as convertible), and yet not refuse the quality to the men of other stocks. There are families of spirits, families which are represented at various epochs and in different nations. Rous-

seau the Swiss, Heine the Jew, Richter the Teuton, Byron and Shelley, Petrarch and Tasso,—these speak, each in his own way, for that family of sentimentalists who are not to be satisfied with life as it is. Men of action are swift in condemnation of these sentimentalists as unfit for life; but the hasty judgment is the uncharitable, and the uninformed. Richter, for example, is a rebel of sentiment; but then he wields the lash against his own kin. In his "Titan" he shapes forth a varied group of men of excessive feeling, that he may express his mistrust of them; and in his "Flegeljahre" he divides himself into two brethren, of whom the one is dreamy and unpractical, and the other decisive and energetic. Protesting against the form and fashion of this world, he is guilty, if you will, of taking refuge in an idyllic world of his own creation; but the inhabitants of this idyllic world are presented to us by a humorist, presented as creatures to excite our tenderness and mirth in that they are human, which is to say possessed of qualities which conflict together. It is this very conflict which furnishes moralists and theologians with arguments for the necessity of another life; man is unfit for this world, in the sense that the full harmony of his being, the complete satisfaction of his moral needs, is not to be realized under the present order. Indeed, from the pages of Richter you might bring together a whole breviary of aspiration.

Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," also, is a Sentimental Traveller. Like Sterne, Mackenzie would foster philanthropic sensibility by "recitals of little adventures in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves." But he is no humorist, either personal or creative; no Democritus and Heraclitus, the laughing philosopher and weeping, in one. Sentiment,

to him, is a sad and serious matter; it is as a weeping philosopher that he records "a few incidents in a life undistinguished except by some features of the heart." The friends of young Harley fear that he is too careless of his interests, and would have him go up to London to press a suit with that spirit and assurance which becomes a man who would make a figure in the world. But Mackenzie cannot allow him to press this suit, for he sharply divides mankind into two classes; you are of the wolves or of the sheep upon whom they raven; a Man of the World or a Man of Feeling. Harley, journeying forth, has his candor traded upon, and finds ample occasion for the exercise of sympathy and beneficence towards the victims of an unfeeling world. Returning with a heart "warm as ever in the cause of virtue," he falls sick of a fever caught in charitable ministrations. He has loved in silence an heiress of like sensibility with himself; and it is on his deathbed that he hears that his love is shared.

Mackenzie, to cover his pathos, employs a language of the heart that is all too soft and melting; but he is not without sense of the dangers of an excessive sensibility. He will deplore that "degree of sentiment which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is a source of endless disgust," and will approve his Rawlinson when he disclaims the title of a romantic lover. Like Hannah More, he is alarmed at the influence of "those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honor," which the circulating libraries afford. But he is all for "romantic enthusiasm" at the thought that it is held up to ridicule by the men of the world. "The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own." It is not the romantic turn, he considers, which needs dis-

couragement in an age of frivolity and false honor. His Annesley, in "The Man of the World," "looks on happiness as confined to the sphere of the sequestered life;" and, in the education of his children, he has taken it for his task to preserve humanity of disposition without allowing it to degenerate into fatal weakness. But, then, Annesley and all his household must fall a prey to Sir Thomas Sindall, the Man of the World. The world! Mackenzie will perish with the sheep rather than join the ravening herd. You have much, if not all, of Mackenzie in the paragraph with which he concludes his first, and more famous book: "I sometimes visit Harley's grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue! But it will make you hate the world—No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it."

Three years after the publication of "The Man of Feeling" came that of "The Sorrows of the Young Werther." Much in the same way as French moralists deplore the tears which "Paul et Virginie" cause to be shed, Hannah More, as we have seen, would not have us waste sympathy upon the imaginary woes of Charlotte's lover. Now the design of Goethe, in his own words, was to represent a young man, endowed with deep and pure sensibility and true penetration, who loses himself in enthusiastic dreams, and is undermined by speculation, till at last, distraught by a hopeless passion, he commits suicide. Werther, indeed, is the full and sincere disciple of Rousseau. He has taken the heart for his guide in life. Protesting, but not rebelling, against an exclusive and aristocratic society which will not treat him as an equal, or will value him for his talents and not for his moral worth, he consorts

with the good and simple who lead the pastoral life. Designing to embellish his days with innocent and spiritual pleasures, he is involved in a moral conflict, and refuses either to act or renounce action. Goethe himself, relieved by artistic confession, after his wont, speedily plied professing Wertherians with ridicule. In "Peter Brey" he travestied the Alsatian Lenscheuring who founded a Secret Order of Sensibility, in the Triumph of Sensibility he allowed his Prince Oronaro to dote upon a puppet stuffed with romances (including "Werther" and "La Nouvelle Héloïse") and to worship Nature, without the risk of taking cold, amid portable scenery which he owes to the stage carpenter. Later, to Werther, he opposed his active and practical Hermann; and he deferred his fruitful friendship with Schiller, the disciple of Rousseau, because he mistrusted the tendencies of Schiller's works because the stormy and stressful Robber-Moor was a Werther in full revolt.

It is interesting to note that Schiller found in Goethe a chief representative of the naïve poets who are able to reproduce the real with charm and to inspire content, whereas he describes himself as a sentimental poet, a shaper of ideals which tend to make men unsatisfied with the present order. Something has been already said in the matter. It is enough to point out that Schiller, by drawing this distinction, does not imply disparagement of himself. And disparagement would be unjust; for content and discontent may severally, be noble or ignoble, and men are as good as they are because they desire to be better. But Goethe, losing his friend, found occasion for new mistrust of sensibility. He could praise the author of "I Promessi Sposi," because he possessed sentiment without sentimentality; but the young poets of Germany, he declared, lay sick,—were all sentimental, subjective, romantic.

Against the Heine who was to bury the Romantic school of German poets with laughter and tears, against the Heine who defined sentimentality as the revolt of the heart against materialism, he brought the charge of heartlessness. A terrible charge, surely, to bring against a sentimental! Goethe, explaining himself, declared that Heine lacked that spirit of charity of which the apostle writes. The charge is true from one point of view, and yet fails in completeness from another. For if Byron, in his "Don Juan," could pass from the tender to the sarcastic, and check the flow of his feeling to make a mock of the writer and his readers, Heine affords the unhappy spectacle of a double nature, of a nature that is in permanent conflict with itself. He is at once the fervent devotee and the railing renegade of love and poetry; a Don Quixote of the Ideal who gives himself answer by the mouth of a harlequin Momus, or a cynical and all-denying Mephistopheles. He dreamed, and life seemed to him the flat contradiction of his dream. Life was unlovely, the very mock of his dearest fancies. He would return mock for mock. Nay, life itself was but a dream; but then the sentimental dream within the dream,—how should it escape his practised mockery?

But we are far away from the English sentiment or sentimentality, of the eighteenth century, which was domestic and humanitarian rather than lyrical or revolutionary. Twenty years after the appearance of "The Man of Feeling, a young girl added a notable contribution to the endless debate as to the just mean of sensibility regarded as a virtue. A little later in "Emma," she was to furnish a sentence which might serve as a critical epigraph to Mackenzie's work: "If we feel for the wretched enough to do all we can for them, the rest is empty sympathy, only distressing to ourselves." In "Sense

and Sensibility" itself, she exhibits common-sense and self-control in contrast with romantic refinement and excessive sensibility. A close student of Richardson, but, unlike her master, gifted with the power of humorous observation, she is concerned to show that young maidens entering upon life should learn for their own comfort, to see things as they are. Youthful enthusiasm and ignorance of the world may be charming; but there are decided inconveniences attached to them. It is well if the romantic views of life are exchanged for the prosaic with the least possible delay. Marianne Dashwood

Was born to discover the falsehood of her own (romantic) opinions, and to counteract, by her conduct, her most favorite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment superior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another!—and that other a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment,—whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married—and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat!

Happy Marianne! although she had been forsaken by her Willoughby, whose aversion to second attachments and taste in the matters of poetry and the picturesque were identical with her own; and although she had failed to die of despair, as she fondly expected, or even to drag out the remainder of her days in solitude. Happy Marianne! for her husband could have told her how frequently it happens that, "when the romantic refinements of a young mind are obliged to give way, they are succeeded by such opinions as are but too common and dangerous." Now her sister Elinor marries the object of her first attachment. But Elinor is sensible;

which is to say, that she guides her sensibility by common-sense, and does not consider it fit or possible for one's happiness to depend entirely upon any particular person. Whereupon we remember that Jane Austen, thus writing at the age of twenty-two, was prophesying of herself. She was to have, it would seem, her brief and sad romance; but she remained sweetly reasonable and cheerfully unselfish to the end.

Jane Austen's mistrust of sensibility and abhorrence of affected sentiment were such that she has wholly escaped the charge of sentimentality which is so readily brought against the makers of literature. Thus we are apt to pronounce Dickens sentimental, and straightway relieve ourselves from consideration whether, or in how far, he errs against his own requirements that in a work of art, there should be a pervading suggestion, and not a labored exhibition, of sentiment. On the other hand, if Thackeray shows himself the typical Englishman by the restraint which he puts upon his deep and genuine sensibility; if, like the typical Englishman he wishes to see things as they are, and discovers that generous feeling is not altogether common, we mistrust him and fear that he is a cynic. While again, if he lends himself to moralizing, we choose to remember that the English tendency to moralize is due to sentiment. How, then, may we be pleased? It is true that sensibility, the openness to impression and capacity of emotion, is a primary condition of

genius. Dramatists and novelists are constrained, by the law of their art, to set forth the conflicts of heart and head, to raise questions of sentiment. And it would seem that literary talent in general, if it is to win popular recognition, must appeal rather to the heart than to the head. But our present makers of literature may well be afraid to make such an appeal; for we respond to the appeal, and presently begin to mistrust both appeal and response, and seek to relieve uneasiness by prompt usage of the word "sentimental," which at once condemns and begs the question, since it lacks all discrimination.

Perhaps our English embarrassment in dealing with cases and questions of sentiment and sentimentality is due to certain peculiarities of our racial temperament. By character we understand the clear head and warm heart, the "blood and judgment well commingled" which Shakespeare praised in his Horatio, that ideal Englishman. We require strength of intelligence joined to strength of feeling, and find strength best exercised in self-control. Reserved, and intolerant of all weakness, it follows that we shun all exhibition of sentiment on our own part, or on that of others. We judge that sentiment, if strong, is reticent; and that sentiment displayed is sentimentality, a manifest proof of weakness. And thus it would seem that we mistrust sentiment because we value it so highly; because we regard it as a treasure to be hoarded in jealous secrecy.

Garnet Smith.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

VI.

AN APPEAL TO THE MASTER.

Eleanore had allowed herself to be persuaded, and had, in fact, left home. She was a weak, impressionable girl, and had listened to the voice of her own indolence and vanity, promptly repressed by her father at Fromentière, but which she fully expected to be able to indulge in the town. No more baking of bread or milking of cows! She would be half a lady, and could wear a hat trimmed with ribbon: it was for such reasons she was going blindly away with none to lean upon but her brother, who would be absent all day long. She was influenced in part by the contagion of example, but chiefly by her own supreme ignorance. She was flinging herself, at hap-hazard, into the temptations of suburban life, exposing herself to the familiarities of customers at a café, without the faintest suspicion of the peril involved, with that profound unconsciousness of all misery save its own, which belongs to the remote rural district.

The parting was already over. At the very moment when the farmer set forth still hoping to recapture his children, Eleanore had slipped out of the barn where she had been lurking, and in spite of the entreaties of Marie-Rose, and even of Mathurin, had gone through the house hastily gathering up her few private possessions.

To the prayers of her sister and the more phlegmatic remonstrances of Mathurin, she had made but one answer: "It is all François's doing. I don't know that I shall like it, but I have given my word, and it is too late to go back." She dreaded her father's return

so much that she was nearly beside herself with haste. In a very few minutes her bundle was made up. She had quitted Fromentière and made her way to the sunken road, where she waited under the hedge for the steam-tram, which ran from Fromentière to Challans. François had arranged to meet her at the latter place, and all this had happened some hours before.

Meanwhile, the father had returned behind his panting mare.

"Where's Eleanore?" he shouted, but when Mathurin laconically answered, "Gone," he merely flung the reins across the beast's dripping back, and strode off in the direction of Sallertaine. Had he a new idea—a last hope—or was he terrified by the deserted look of the place?

It was now nightfall, and he had not yet come home. A thick, soft mist covered the earth like a winding-sheet, penetrating every fissure of the soil. In the living-room at Fromentière, beside the fire which they forgot to feed, so that the pot boiled feebly with a low, complaining sound, the two children who were left on the farm watched and waited, but with very different thoughts. Rosette, in her feverish excitement, found it impossible to remain still. She kept springing from her chair, clasping her hands with a muttered *Mon Dieu!* and going to the open door to gaze into the night.

"Hark!" she said with a shiver, her head thrust forth into the murky void.

The invalid listened and replied:

"It's only the goat-herd from Malabrit driving home the flock."

* Copyright by The Living Age Co.

"Listen again!"

The far-away barking of a dog came faintly to their ears through the profound stillness.

"That's not Redstocking," murmured Mathurin.

At intervals of a quarter of an hour or so they were startled by a voice, a footstep, or a sound of rumbling wheels. Was it their father only for whom they waited in vain? The younger and more optimistic Rosette certainly expected the others also. Perhaps not both, but Eleanore or François would surely repent and return. And what rapture it would be to see either of them! It almost seemed as though one might have had the right to go, if the other would only resume his or her place at home. The child felt as though lifted above herself by a dim sense of the responsibilities that would devolve upon her, as the only woman left at forsaken Fromentièr.

Mathurin sat huddled and brooding beside the hearth, his feet wrapped in a rug, while the firelight reddened the long beard, crushed, by his fallen chin, against his breast. He had not moved for hours, and he had scarcely spoken. Now and then a tear rolled down his cheek, but at other times Rosette observed with astonishment a mysterious kind of smile hovering over his absorbed and dreamy countenance.

"Mathurin," said the young girl as the clock struck nine, "I'm afraid some accident has happened to father."

"Oh, no! He's only talking over his trouble with the Curé, or perhaps with the Mayor."

"So I have been saying to myself—but all the same, I'm afraid."

"You're not so well used to waiting as I am. What do you want to do?"

"I'd like to go down the Sallertaine road to meet him."

"Well, go."

Rosette slipped into the bed-room to fetch her hooded cloak on account of

the fog, and when she came back, looking like a little nun in the black woolen garment, Mathurin was standing up. He had flung off the rug, his crutches lay beside him on the floor, and by a tremendous effort of the will he held himself almost upright, with one hand resting on the table and the other on the back of his chair. As he gave his sister the proud look of one who had mastered pain, she felt the sweat start out in big drops upon her own brow,

"Rosette," said he, "what should you do, if our father never came back?"

"Oh, do not say such things!" she cried, covering her face with her hands. "And don't stand upon your feet like that! It makes me feel ill."

"I will tell you what I should do," pursued Mathurin, gravely, "I should take command here. I feel quite strong enough to do it. I think I am getting better."

"Oh, sit down, sit down, please! You will fall!"

But he remained standing until she reached the door. The moment she had crossed the threshold she heard that mass of inert humanity give way with a groan, and looking back she beheld the invalid sunk in his chair with both hands clasped upon the chest, wherein his heart was no doubt beating wildly. Silently then, and trembling like a kid who has been startled out of the heather, she darted across the court and out into the road.

The young moon illumined the mist, which it had partially dispersed, so that one could see quite a long distance, and it was evident that, in another hour, the night would be clear. Avoiding the hedge-rows, Marie-Rose kept to the middle of the path which led past the walled-orchard into the meadows. Almost running in her terror, she never slackened her steps till she gained the edge of the great Marais, where her path widened suddenly, like a small

estuary, and mingled its grasses with the infinite herbage of the plain. Reassured by finding herself alone, where it was comparatively light, she stopped and listened. Where could her father be? She had hoped to hear a footstep on the road, or at least the bark of Redstocking, but all was absolutely still,—the only sound audible across the shifting undulations of illuminated mist being the distant roll of the surf on the dunes of La Vendée.

She was turning to the right, meaning to follow the dyke in the direction of the bridge and the first houses of the hamlet, when the familiar sound of a whistle, very like that of a lapwing, reached her. Could it be possible? The child's blood rushed to her heart, as she stopped short in mingled surprise and rapture. She dared not look back, but she knew well enough who it was coming up behind her. He emerged from the last shrubbery of Fromentière, upon the path by which she had come, and as she stood still in the grass trembling violently, she felt a pair of hands laid upon her shoulders and a breath on her right cheek under the hood, while a man stepped briskly in front of her and said:

"It's I, Rosette! Don't be afraid!"

There he was in his brown waistcoat, with a stick in his hand, exulting in his own daring feat. Despite her anxiety, Rosette uttered a joyful cry. There was laughter in her heart, as irresistible as the bubble of air which comes up out of troubled waters, and breaks upon the surface.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she cried; and then, recovering herself, "but I ought not to speak so," she added. "You don't know what a misfortune has happened to us. François is gone, and Eleanore is gone, and I'm left all alone at the farm; and I have come out to look for father, who has not come home. I've no time for you, Jean Nesmy! It would not be right—"

He saw the smile fade from Rosette's face, on which the moonlight fell, and as she gathered up the wings of her cloak and folded them across her chest, making as though she would go on, he said hurriedly:

"I know everything, Rosette. I have been for three days at Challans trying to get a place not too far from here. I haven't found one, but I heard in the town to-night that François was gone. Everybody is talking of it, in one way or another. I came over, on the sly, and have been watching for you in the garden and about the threshing-floor. I have heard you weeping ever since sundown. But nobody came out, so far as I saw, except the farmer."

"And is he at Sallertaine?"

"Not now. He went there but he came back. I was hiding in a place close by, and he passed exactly where we are now. He was wringing his hands and talking to himself, like one not quite right in his mind."

"Was that long ago?" she asked in great alarm.

"A quarter of an hour, maybe."

"Which way did he go?"

Jean waved his hand toward the upland and the fleecy masses of foliage on the slope hard by. "I think," he said, "that he must have taken one of the paths to the chateau. He crossed the stile not a hundred feet from here."

"Thank you, Jean, and good-bye! I must go."

He took her hand and he too became very grave.

"Yes," he said, "I understand. But you will not have me much longer. Tomorrow I must return to my home in the Bocage. I came back, Rosette, to ask you one thing. What shall I tell Mother Nesmy, when she says to me, as she will: 'Has she really plighted her troth to you? What did she say to you when she came away? If a girl is really in love, my poor Jean, she says a word to her lover when he leaves her,

which is like an engagement ring, and makes all fast. What did the young girl at Fromentière say to you? If I have nothing to tell the mother, she will never believe that you love me."

As they stood there in the moonlit solitude, their two shadows made but one spot upon the pallid grass; but Rosette, with her lover's burning eyes upon her, answered sadly:

"Do not come back, Jean, until 'Driot is well settled here. A few months hence, about midwinter, if you hear from the men of this district whom you see at the markets, that he has taken to work like a good, honest farmer, and goes to all the fairs and merry-makings, and especially if you hear that he talks a great deal with some girl from Sallertaine, then come back and speak to my father. He does not want a Boquin for a son-in-law, but if he finds that I will have nobody but you, and if André should speak a word for us—who knows? Father has said some kind things about you, since you went away."

"Oh, Rosette, what were they?"

"I must not tell you now. I must go. Good-bye!"

He took off his hat with a pretty gesture of respect, and made no further effort to detain her. Rosette, indeed, had already turned her back upon Sallertaine, and was skimming over the meadow, skirting the band of shrubbery which divided the arable land from the Marais. The flutter of her black cloak was discernible for a moment through the mist, but even after she had vanished over the stile, Jean Nesmy remained, for a short space, rooted to the spot, where the echo of her living voice yet lingered in the air. Then he turned upon his heel, and slowly, as one who is learning a lesson by heart and takes no heed of the objects about him, he set out for Challans, by the way of Sallertaine. His heart was glad within him, and he kept

repeating to himself: "By midwinter, if you learn from the folk hereabout that he has taken to work like a good farmer, you may come back."

The sole observation he made before he reached Challans was that the foliage was thinning at the tops of the willow-trees, and the leaves turning yellow.

Meanwhile, Rosette had crossed the stile into a stubble field, and was threading her way through a narrow band of coppice. When she found herself upon a regularly-made gravel-path, she was a little frightened, both by the loneliness of the spot and by her instinctive reverence for the master's domain, which the Lumineau family seldom visited even now, lest it might displease the Marquis. She was, in fact, upon the border of the park, and before her, in the moonlight, the quiet lawns ascended in a gentle slope, dotted with islands of blue shadow, which marked the position of scattered and ever diminishing clumps of trees. In and out among these, now in light and now in shade, wound the main avenue, which Rosette followed with a watchful eye and a loudly beating heart. She looked for footprints in the gravel, and strove to pierce the darkness of the thickets. Was that her father—that long, dark object stretched beside the paling? No, it was only a fallen post, overgrown with brambles. Everywhere were thorns, dead branches, protruding roots and clumps of grass growing in the alleys. How much more neglected it all was than formerly!

"No masters, no life, no anything," thought Rosette, with a fresh pang over the desertion of Eleanore and François. Neither would they, in all probability, ever come back, and as the girl grew more sorrowful, she became less afraid. Rounding a thick plantation of cedars, she suddenly beheld straight in front

of her the tall main building of the chateau, with its precipitous roofs and corner turrets, whose motionless and rusty vanes recorded the direction of winds that had long ceased to blow. The windows were closed, the shutters, many of them nailed together with cross-bars; and owls pursued their silent flight about the gables.

Despite her anxiety, Rosette paused for one instant to regard that gloomy façade, streaked by the rains of winter and already gray with ruin; and as she did so, she heard from before the flight of steps leading to the main entrance, in the space where the carriages used to turn, a sound of muttered words, and instantly recognized her father's voice.

He was seated a hundred yards or so from the chateau, midway in a semi-circle of birch-trees, on a bench which Rosette knew very well, for it had always been called the Marquise's seat. Bent almost double, his chin upheld in his two hands, he gazed at the chateau, and the clumps of vegetation irregularly diversifying the land that ascended to the Marais. Rosette advanced quite unobserved, until she was near enough to hear the sobs of her father, weeping for his two children. She could even distinguish certain words which he repeated like the burden of a song.—“Monsieur le Marquis! Monsieur le Marquis!”

As she sped noiselessly across the green turf, the dreadful thought occurred to little Rosette that her father had gone mad. But it was not so. His brain was only a trifle confused and excited by grief, the fatigue of his long tramp, and the hunger of which he was not conscious. Finding no help or comfort anywhere, he had instinctively wandered back to the door of the dwelling where he had so often knocked with a perfect assurance of succor. But those times were past, and the farmer could only wail aloud for the master

who was no longer there: “Monsieur le Marquis! Monsieur le Marquis!”

Pushing back the hood of her cloak, Rosette came to her father's side, and whispered very softly so as not to alarm him:

“It is I, father, Rosette. I have been looking for you this hour. Come with me, won't you? It is very late.”

He started and stared at her, with eyes that were still dreamy and bewildered.

“Only to think of it, Rosette,” he said, “the Marquis isn't here! My family is going to pieces and he will not come to my help. He ought to come back, don't you think so, now that I am in such trouble?”

“But, father, he knows nothing about it. He is far away in Paris.”

“Those people down at Sallertaine cannot do anything for me. They are just poor folk like us, with no power except on their own farms. I went to the Mayor and to Guérineau at Pinçonnière, and to the farmer at Terre-Aymont, and they all put me off with words! But the Marquis, Rosette—he will know all about it when he comes back. Do you think he will come back tomorrow?”

“Perhaps he may.”

“He never would leave me alone in my trouble! He would help me! He would make François come back. Don't you think, little one, that he could make François come back?”

He spoke so loudly that his words echoed back from the façade of the chateau, went wandering down the avenue and over the lawns till they died away in the distant shrubbery. The night heard their last sigh as it hears the movement of living creatures among the leaves.

Perceiving her father's pitiful plight, Rosette sat down beside him and tried to speak hopefully, though she knew all the while that there was no hope. Yet some sort of strengthening and con-

soling influence must have emanated from her, for he rose of his own accord and took the arm of his child, when she had said persuasively:

"There's Mathurin at home, father, waiting for you."

He gazed long and earnestly into the face of his little Rosette, now pale with emotion and fatigue.

"That's true," he assented. "Mathurin is there. We must go."

Together they repassed before the front of the chateau, plunged into the alley which led to the common lands, and made their way thence into the farm fields. As they drew near Fromentiére, Rosette could feel that the farmer was regaining self-command,

and when they were inside the court-yard, she said with a sudden rush of pity for the invalid:

"Don't say too much to Mathurin about your trouble, father. He is very unhappy, too."

Courage had come back to the old man by this time, and the proper exercise of his reason. He wiped his eyes, and passing in front of Rosette, pushed open the door, and entered the living-room, where Mathurin still sat huddled together, and seemingly lost in thought beside the half-burned candle.

"Don't take it too much to heart, my boy," he said. "Those two have gone, but 'Driot is coming back."

(To be continued.)

POWDER AND PAINT.

In these days when the simplicity of dogmatism is a thing of the past, it is no easy matter to lay down a law upon any subject. To clear oneself of prejudice so far as to judge a question on its own merits is a Herculean labor to which few people so much as set their hand; while, even when it is frankly intended to take a short cut to an opinion by the adoption of the general verdict, it is ten to one that a scrupulous and fair-minded person will find himself in no better a plight than before. For opinions are various as well as variable, and as in practical matters an indolent man will never lack excuses, by means of a diligent comparison of them to legitimize idleness, so in the more transcendental region it is difficult to move without doing violence to some code of morality, and as good a claim to canonization as another might be advanced by the proof that a man has sat persistently still. No habit is

blameless enough to be safe from hostile criticism, nor any pursuit so praiseworthy as to escape the perversity of a gainsayer; while, to make the balance even, it would be difficult to discover a crime incapable, in the hands of a skilful advocate, of justification. To the self-same action will be accorded blame or commendation almost, as it would seem, at random; and La Rochefoucauld's assertion that the verdict pronounced upon the deeds of men appears to depend for the most part upon the star under which they were performed, approaches as nearly as need be to the truth.

If such considerations apply to the region of morals, it is evident that they are possessed of tenfold force when we come to the department of taste. It is true that the boundary line by which the two are separated is at all times difficult to draw; it would indeed be more accurate to declare that to trace

such a line with anything approaching to uncompromising distinctness is altogether impossible, taste and morality being, at the meeting point, so insensibly and delicately blended, that it would require an eye more correct than is commonly possessed by an organism as faulty as our own to distinguish them apart, or to decide at what moment vulgarity becomes vicious or defective morality fades into bad taste. And, this being the case, it is inevitable that mistakes should be made, and that even those persons who are accustomed to take pride in the impartial justice of their attitude should find themselves at times denouncing harmless vulgarity from the standpoint of the censor of morals calling in the authority of the Church, as it were, to enforce conformity with their own canons of taste; while they make up for their severity by condoning a lapse from the paths of strict morality, provided it be conducted with due regard to the requirements of fashion.

The result of this confusion is such as might be expected. For neither fashion nor taste is governed by laws immutable and divine; and, as one and the other shifts, we may likely enough chance to find ourselves commanding to-day what was regarded yesterday, and will in all probability be regarded tomorrow, as little less than a crime.

Moreover, the difficulty of establishing a satisfactory boundary line between the two departments is still further complicated by the fact that fashions themselves, whilst theoretically belonging to a province altogether distinct from that of morals, are often, even where not blended, so intimately connected with the latter, and touch it at so many points, that it is difficult to consider them apart.

A fashion, it is true, may be a fashion pure and simple, like the wearing of a hoop or the choice of a color—in

which case it is, of course, the mere expression of a phase of popular opinion on the indifferent matter. But it may be, on the other hand, the symbol or clothing of a moral fact, thus becoming almost of necessity associated with the fact itself; or, again, it may be so frequently found in conjunction with certain other characteristics that, whether justly or not, it can scarcely fail to share in the condemnation or approval meted out to its ordinary accompaniments. And in cases in which a strong, and at first sight arbitrary, prejudice is found to exist, it is not uninstructive to examine into the origin of the misliking, with the object of ascertaining whether it is altogether as baseless as it appears.

There is a practice becoming daily of more common use amongst a certain section of English—or, to be more accurate, of London—society, with regard to which it would be more interesting to determine, in the light of opinion, past and present, whether the dislike entertained for it by no inconsiderable portion of the community at large is due to mere popular prejudice, to an inclination "to damn the sins we have no mind to," without any careful examination into the question whether or not they are sins at all, or whether the objection is susceptible of justification or excuse on reasonable grounds.

✓ A complete alteration has taken place, as every one is aware, within the last hundred years in the manner of regarding the use of powder and paint—of the employment, that is, of artificial means of embellishment; and it is an alteration which is not at first sight altogether explicable.

A change of opinion is not satisfactorily explained by the pleasing but improbable hypothesis that it is due to a rapid increase of wisdom since the days when an opposite view obtained; and, if the practice in question be as reprehensible or as repugnant to the

taste of the majority as it is now generally felt to be, it would seem to follow that it was no less objectionable in early days. And yet public opinion, as distinguished from the opinion of a comparatively narrow circle, has undergone a curious and significant transformation, by which paint, from a simple extension of the art of dress, frankly employed and frankly acknowledged, has come to be viewed with dislike and even with suspicion by all those outside the limits of the class amongst which it is in use.

The indulgence with which it was once regarded was not, of course, universal, nor had it been of long standing. If there had probably never been a time since the days of Jezebel—who, in the words of an old tract, "bears away the honor of the first publication of this insufferable insolence"—when, allowed or disallowed, the practice did not to a greater or less extent prevail, it is also likely that in all ages there existed those who regarded it with a disapproving eye, and a certain amount of discredit seems to have attached at most periods of the world's history to the woman who made use of the "*quoton dont els se rougissent*" and the "*blanchet dont els se font blanches*" advertised by the thirteenth-century peddler amongst his wares. In early Christian times St. Cyprian was conspicuous in the severity of his denunciations. "The very devils," he asserts, "first taught the use of coloring the eyebrows and placing a false and lying blush upon the cheek," going on to declare that the Creator will fail at the Resurrection to recognize His Image in the painted countenance—an argument which is presented in a slightly varied form by another Father: "What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek?" asks this last. "Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash her face bare and mark furrows on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted up towards

Heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as His workmanship.

Coming down to later times, the same prejudice seems to have been felt by persons of all creeds alike. "From a woman who paints," beseeches an old French prayer, "good Lord, deliver us;" while even a Restoration Litany—a period not remarkable for austerity of manners—contains, in singular juxtaposition, the suffrages,

From a King-killing Saint,
Patch, powder, and paint,
Libera nos, Domine!

During the days, indeed, when the fashion was in course of being popularized in England amongst that higher grade in the social scale to which it had not hitherto penetrated, there were not wanting zealots whose denunciations might have rivalled in violence those of St. Cyprian himself. The Lord Bishop of Hereford, representing the Established Church, protested against it from the pulpit; Dr. John Hall stigmatized paint in the plainest language as the badge of immorality; while a "Compassionate Conformist," author of a pamphlet entitled "England's Vanity, or the Voice of God against the monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress and Apparel," inquiring into the motives for the practice he condemns, observes contemptuously that, "in the first place, ladies paint in order to gain the reputation of a beauty and to win a gallant, and then daub to keep him."

Pulpit denunciation, however, as well as the anathemas of divines, have been known, in more cases than one, to fail in modifying the abuses against which they are directed; and in the present instance, protests, whether spoken or printed, appear to have met with signal ill-success. In spite of the eloquence of Bishops and the remonstrances of poets—for neither were these last wanting—the fashion held its own; and, notwithstanding the distrust

with which it had been at first regarded one may conclude from the comparative absence of evidence to the contrary, that by the eighteenth century it had succeeded in vindicating its right to be accepted as harmless if not commendable. Fanatics, indeed, may have continued to carry on the war against it, but among them were no longer to be found—we may be sure of it—those Anglican eighteenth century divines who, to use a phrase of their own, were accustomed to “exorcise enthusiasm” wherever it ventured to lift up its head, and who would probably have regarded any opposition to the practice as the extravagance of ill-considered folly, calculated to injure the cause of religion in the eyes of all sober-minded persons. It was not the period—within at least the pale of orthodoxy—for out-of-season zeal, or for the proclamation of unpalatable doctrines; and even by the enthusiasts without, the application of powder and paint was most likely only included in a general condemnation of the society in which it was in use. It was a feature, no doubt, but only a single one, of that world which owned the sovereignty of the flesh and the devil; and it is probable enough that Wesley and Whitfield would have failed to discriminate in point of danger to the soul between the painted and unpainted women of their day.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century, then, paint may be taken as having established its claim to be considered by society at large, together with patches, hair powder, and the rest, as an almost indispensable adjunct to dress; and the use of it was so undisguised that it is said that half the women at a theatre were to be seen producing their paint boxes in the course of the performance, in order to apply a fresh coating of color—an art in which they had become so proficient that there were some, says the *Spectator*, of the ladies of 1709, “so exquisitely skil-

ful in this way that, give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheek and eyebrows by their own industry;” while a still severer censor of a somewhat later date observes that the art of painting had improved so prodigiously in England that carmine and white lead, breaches of the Seventh Commandment and *Les Liqueurs*, were then “no more than a mere how d’ye do.”

It will thus be seen that the voice of the critic, however unregarded, was never wholly silent, whether it made itself heard in attacks like that last quoted—rendered possibly the more violent by a consciousness of its powerlessness to touch the evil—or whether, as in the doggerel verses of the time, the weapon employed was the lighter one of ridicule.

That those existed even in the world of fashion, who declined to conform to the practice, is to be inferred from a fancy sketch contributed to the *Lady’s Magazine*, in which the “Modern Marcia” presented for the admiration of its readers, is stated to have been “never yet persuaded to wear a *tête*, and the hint given her last Sunday at St James’s by Lady Bel, that a little rouge would improve her complexion, made her blush with such delightful innocence as no art could imitate.”

“A little rouge,” however, was allowed to be the most inoffensive form of embellishment in use. There were many modes and degrees of practising the questionable art, and a curios little book exists, written about a hundred years ago, when popular opinion on the subject was already undergoing modification, by a “lady of distinction,” who preferred to remain anonymous, but is vouched for by the editor as specially entitled by position and experience to receive a respectful hearing, which, dealing with the art of costume, includes advice on the proper use of cosmetics. By this authority, white

paint, together with enamel, is unconditionally condemned from the stand-point of morals and taste alike; while on the other hand, "a little vegetable rouge" is permitted, for the purpose of "tingeing the cheek of a delicate woman," so long as it is not employed for the purpose of deception. "What need is there, indeed," asks the writer, "for any concealment in the matter?" "It seems to me," she continues, "so slight and innocent apparel for the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek) . . . that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges." The one article of rouge is, however, the single species of positive art that, according to this somewhat arbitrary judge, a woman of integrity can permit herself, white enamel, painted lips, and pencilling of the eyebrows only exciting "contempt for the bad taste and blindness which deems them passable."

At the time when the "lady of distinction" gave her advice to the fair friends resident in the country who had applied to her for counsel on the important matter of dress, the practice was already on the wane; in a few more years it had been, temporarily at least, abandoned to that strata of society in which it may be considered perennial; and it is not till within comparatively late years that it has been to any large extent revived, though within more restricted limits than formerly. That it is fast gaining ground is apparent; but while such is the case, it is interesting to observe the change which has taken place in public sentiment in the subject; for it will scarcely be denied, even by those who themselves hold no intolerant views that the supplementing of Nature, which in the days of our great-grandmothers was accepted as a mere matter of course, is regarded at the present time by the majority of unsophisticated English-

men with a mixture of contempt and aversion, which, difficult as it might be to explain, is on that account none the less genuine. "Honest women may go thus," they may allow, in the words of old Fuller, when dealing with the subject, "honest women may go thus—the ship may have Castor and Pollux for the badge and notwithstanding have St. Paul for the lading," but the fact itself is felt to be so much evidence against them.

And while admitting the possibility that we are in a transitional state, and that the day may be at hand when powder and paint shall be once more accepted as necessary adjuncts to a woman's dress, it is interesting to inquire whether any justification can be pleaded for the prejudice which exists; whether it is a mere matter of taste in which the judgment of the majority chances to be at issue with that of the minority, or whether the former can point to any reasonable grounds on which their objection is founded.

Now, it is obvious that in itself the application of red and white, whatever may be the opinion formed upon it as a matter of expediency, can be no more treated as a moral offence—in spite of St. Cyprian and his supporters—than a hundred other practices against which little protest has been raised. Such verdicts are often capricious, and more a matter of temper and tradition than the result of deliberate judgment, and the assumption of a necessary moral obliquity attaching to the art itself, independently of motives and results, may be set aside.

Nor is it less plain that the practice can be no more intrinsically objectionable at the present day than a hundred years ago; and that, therefore, those persons who have no censure to bestow upon the noble and graceful ladies whose charm has been placed on record by the painters of their day must be able to plead, in order to escape the

charge of irrational prejudice, some other justification for their misliking than an aesthetic or artistic disapprobation. Their dislike, reduced to its proper elements, must resolve itself into a distaste, not for the use of powder and paint in itself, but either for the objects and aims with which they have become associated, or for the persons and characteristics with which they are insensibly identified—an extension, in fact, of a dislike towards those amongst whom they are at present epidemic.

To deal in the first place with the motives to which the use of paint is due, it is clear that they have undergone a radical change since the days when ladies produced their paint boxes at the theatre and applied it openly, with no desire or expectation that it should remain undetected. In the present day the practice—except, indeed amongst those whose object seems to be to advertise themselves and their opinions—is mostly carried on in the endeavor to impose upon the world. And to be engaged in a constant effort to deceive, however intrinsically harmless the deception, is apt to have an unfavorable effect upon the character, while it is also productive of the uneasy and anxious frame of mind inseparable from a fear of detection. A habit of concealment is never conducive to happiness, and, while it may almost be asserted that it will be unsuccessful in the long run, it is equally certain that the world has little mercy upon those it has found out.

It is necessary, however, to draw a distinction; for there are those who are in the habit of practising this art, even with intention to deceive, of whom the most censorious critic would be so loth to speak hardly that, if they share in the general condemnation, it is principally because we do not like the company in which we find them. These are the women who, unable to reconcile

themselves to the fact that age is gaining upon them, seek to prolong the semblance of youth, and resort to paint in the hope of effacing Time's heavy finger-marks. It is an unequal contest, to which, viewed aright, attaches all the tragedy of predestined failure. History recounts that the Spanish veteran, Juan Ponce de Leon, grown old in war and scarred in many battles, set out to seek that Fountain of Youth of which the legend had been related to his credulous ears.

"It must be that it exists," said the Indians who related the fable—not, possibly, without some appreciation of the grim humor of their own reasoning—"for the travellers who go to seek it never return."

There are those who believe in that fountain still, and of many who set forth to seek it the saying still holds good that they never return. Alas! in this truth-speaking world of ours no one is found to declare that the enterprise is vain. "*Madame a bien l'air d'avoir son âge aujourd'hui,*" says the courtier in the "Palais de la Vérité;" but for us no such palace exists; and for the woman engaged in her thankless struggle pity will be the dominant sentiment; nor is it easy to hold her responsible for the aversion which is so commonly felt towards the painted sisterhood.

The plain women who set themselves to accomplish by artificial means the task of persuading the world that they are beautiful are another class towards whom indulgence is no difficult matter. Where specific defects call for remedy success goes far to justify the attempt, and each case must be judged on its own merits. Such women, however, make up a smaller class than those who strive to replace a lost beauty. It may be that, never having possessed the fatal gift, they are less inclined to grant it supreme and paramount importance, and that, having been driven

to supply its place from the first by attractions of another order, mere outward advantages have been relegated, in their estimates of value, to the second place. But, however that may be, it is not upon the women who set themselves to apply a remedy to an absolute defect in the handiwork of Nature, any more than upon the old, that can be charged the responsibility for the suspicion with which the use of paint is regarded.

These two classes eliminated, a third remains. It is composed indiscriminately of young and old, comely and ill-favored, fresh and faded, of a multitude, in fact, with whom paint is apparently a passion for which the unbiased observer is driven to seek a cause, while examining further whether that cause is such as to justify the sentiments with which he regards the practice. Is his dislike, due to association alone, having to do with certain traits, characteristics and habits with

which it is commonly found in conjunction? Or is his objection still more the result of a recognition of the fact that powder and paint are the outward expression of a whole system of artificiality of which it constitutes only a single phase; and where it is the manifestation of a vulgar vanity, and of a desire to attract notice, it is of a desire to attract it by means of that which is unreal, rather than real, fictitious rather than true? No practice affecting even the externals of human life stands by itself. In the same way as a man accustomed to talk for effect is likely to fall into the more irremediable habit of thinking for effect, and thus establish an evil harmony between thought and language, so is it not possible that outward and visible artificiality may become the expression of a narrowing artificiality within, which cuts at the roots of the wider charm of nature, and of truth?

I. A. Taylor.

The Nineteenth Century.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Sunwards the mist has lifted, long slant rays
Shimmer upon the birch leaves wet with dew,
And deck them forth, though faded now and few,
Till as with glory of great gems they blaze;
And all reluctant turns the dazzled gaze
To rest on dark green woods—with palest blue
For framing—flecked with many a brighter hue
Seen dim athwart a softening screen of haze.

On Autumn's loom the colors woven lie,
Close under foot the bloomless gorse, unstirred
By any breeze, is clasped by bracken dry;
And only o'er the dell beyond is heard,
Upon the silence breaking fitfully,
The solitary note of some far bird.

Leisure Hour.

H. Swinburn Ward.

LONDON.

It is due to a reader who has a wide choice before him of books and articles to beguile the time withal, that I should inform him at the outset of what it is vain to expect of me. That maybe, suggests a lengthy catalogue, but taking the reader for a moderately exigent man, I will limit myself to mentioning a few modes of treating London which will not be mine. If I had had the catholic vision and head for facts possessed by Mr. Steevens, whose articles about London are appearing as I write, I might attempt to realize the economy and material aspects of London. (And, by the way, all of this paper, save these words of introduction, was written many months ago; else I had hardly run the risk of unkind comparisons.) Or—and this would have been more in my way—it would have interested me to write down such local knowledge as I have of antiquarian, literary, or historical account; but doing so I should be doing scrappily and inadequately what has been done admirably before and is being done admirably now by Sir Walter Besant. Or I might have explained the system of councils and boards and vestries and things as it exists now and will exist under the new Act—that is I might have tried. But none of these exploits will be mine. I have nothing to tell you of such things, indeed no facts of any kind whatever.

I propose, as a very constant Londoner, to write about London generally, as it strikes my fancy and sympathy, and I do not know that I have had very many predecessors in the occupation. A Londoner takes London as a matter of course. Its habits and its average tone are familiar to him; he lives with people who practise the one and affect the other; it does not occur to him that

they need exposition. But London, absolutely as a whole, is a subject for an epigram or a library. One must take divisions of some sort, either of trades or abstract subjects or places: it is easiest to take divisions of place, made for one already, and meaning very often great differences of nature, and for the most part those shall be my divisions. I invite you, as it were, to "take a walk down" this and that street or district, and to listen the while to a chattering companion. If I trouble you with a single detail of fact it will be by accident. I propose to myself ideas only, stray fancies that have remained with me, not facts,—no foothold of land, as it were, *cavum undique et undique pontus*: and enough of preamble, let us set sail.

To many people London is the great mart of the world. But I confess that to me the knowledge that it is richer than any other city is neither agreeable nor interesting. For my own comfort I should like it to be a great deal poorer. Its wealth almost stifles one. The large number of spacious, pompous houses, of which one knows that the inhabitants have at least seven thousand a year is appalling: nay, I am told by a statistician that there are enough millionaires in our midst to hold a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square. Of course the current tone among them, if you except the more vulgar kind, is to pretend to be quite poor: they have no ready money, and so forth. No doubt this homage to the seemliness of poverty is well meant, but I think it exaggerates the nuisance. You may philosophize about it as much as you like, but I am quite certain that the hardships of poverty are harder for the proximity of monstrous wealth. And it is annoying to wait, as in the season,

twenty minutes before one can cross Piccadilly by reason of the charlotted examples of our plutocracy. No! the wealth of London makes it a less agreeable place to live in than when it was poorer and smaller, "the Town" of a hundred years ago. And is the wealth interesting? Are a hundred million sovereigns more interesting than a hundred million cheeses? Civilization? It comes of training and habit, not of money: there was no vast quantity of that among the ancient Athenians. Empire? If our Empire meant no more than that many comfortable people in London have too much to spend, it would have little food for our imagination; and if those people and our Empire interact as cause and effect, why, then they are not its most lovely feature. Platitudes: but it is worth noting that one does not love one's London for this or that. It is not to me, again, the scene of gaiety and splendid pleasures. It is never gay and its pleasures are mostly stupid and tedious. Nor the centre of art and literature and intellect: in which regard one can only say that it contains the National Gallery.

London, to me, is the great meeting-place of the humors of the uncivilized North. I say uncivilized, because civilization robs humor of its material; the perfectly civilized man does not act humorously, he acts reasonably, and there is nothing humorous in consistent reason. May I never live where there are no irrational people! And I say North, because it is the verdict of all social philosophers that the northern climate (and especially our English) breeds more humors than are found elsewhere: I like to be on the side of the majority, though I have a suspicion that a hot sun has its peculiar humors also. Perhaps one may say that if there is equal food for humor in the South there is less capacity to digest it. The North is the place for

humors, and nowhere else have they such scope as in London; nowhere else does grave-faced folly show such merry changes. With sufficient variety in your societies you may pass the day with ever fresh oddities and perversities. And therein is an obvious gift of London: any intelligent person, however poor in pocket, may live in half-a-dozen contrasting sets; if he cannot pass from dukes to costers, at least he may pass from costers to cab-drivers.

These humors are mostly gray in our time: it is a specially lucky accident alone that will bring us on black and red. But if you can read—a rarer accomplishment than it is supposed—your London will grow dearer in another way. You tread where trod, you may easily live where lived, the brilliant and colored beings you love in memoirs and letters. London is no longer England in the sense that once it was, and since space, as we say, is annihilated, place is no longer all important. But here, if anywhere in England, will place assist imagination to a sense of pleasant bygone atmospheres.

For these reasons, and such as these, not for its greatly illusory importance and its materially monotonous pleasures, whether he knows it or not, is London dear to the true Londoner. I speak of all classes. Indeed, it is my belief that in the so-called upper and middle classes there are quite few real Londoners left. I do not count as such men who work in the City all day and go to a suburb for their sleep and social life, still less their wives and daughters. And I grudge the name to those owners of town houses who make London dismal for nine months in the year with blinds and shutters. There is, it is true to say, a small number of people whose England comprises London—I hate ambiguity, but this must be understood or not—wherever they are. But in the main, true Londoners are

they who have lived since manhood three-quarters of the year in London, with time to take to themselves its shifting tones—and they are not a large number of City, professional, and idling men. This of the upper and middle classes. In the lower, there are many, fairly quick-witted and free-living, who are true Londoners, and would be miserable elsewhere. And by the way, you need not keep to the snob's division: you may add to these very many men, especially young men (later to lose their London for the most part), whose sense of life and essential habits are the same. I may rest my argument on these. What they would miss elsewhere is just the humors of their fellows acting and reacting on their own, which can thrive in no place but London. So a Londoner loves it from habit. He may weary of it, and it may not hold his happiest memories; but it holds the average of his life, and he must not desert it forever, lest he starve. So much of London as a whole: I start on my chosen divisions.

THE CITY.

I take the City first, wishing to get it off my hands. I dislike it. I do not hate it, I am glad to say. If I hated it, it might acquire an irresistible attraction for me, as the way is with things and people one hates, so that I should wander down there every day and end by growing offensively rich. But I dislike it: its sole criterion of merit is particularly annoying to a scribbler, and it has a habit of regulating its courtesies thereby. Elsewhere in London, though everywhere the quantity of money a man may have or lack is raised to an irrational importance (for you gain nothing by A's millions and lose nothing by B's bankruptcy), other qualities in him are allowed to exist: in the City, if he is bare of funds, he is bare of

everything, a mark for British manners in their skeleton form. I will deal with it plainly, and pass to more agreeable phases of human stupidity.

Stupidity—yes: I maintain that the City is of all things stupid. Its want of commonly intelligent observation is illustrated by the fact that no City man ever contradicts the popular fallacies concerning it. There is the idea that in the City men walk swiftly about, with set, anxious faces. They do no such thing. There are more aimless, indifferent loafers in the streets of the City than in any other part of London, the Strand itself not excepted. If a man of dramatic sense were to walk swiftly, with a set face, he would be obstructed by a larger mass of semi-stationary and purposeless humanity than anywhere else. The City is not the busy place it is supposed to be. The busier part of the community plays dominoes in restaurants, the less busy converses with hats back-tilted and hands in pockets: the idle part looks wearily at goods it obviously does not intend to buy in shop-windows. Inside the offices strangers are made to wait half-an-hour and (if they are poor) given a curt five minutes, but this is merely a pretence to impress them: friends are welcome as a change from the newspaper, and held in lengthy conversations. But City men go on believing that everybody else there is busy to distraction.

Another fallacy about the City is that an almost preternatural intelligence is required to thrive there. This also is vanity. City men are not intelligent, and even if you cannot expect people to admit this of themselves, they would admit it, if they were not stupid, of one another. I grant that in some departments, as in speculation on the Stock Exchange, intelligence is a useful aid to sound information, but in most all that is needed is a mastery of routine which anybody can acquire in

an hour or two. The rest is a matter of capital. Average intelligence may get the better in the long run of imbecility, but that is all. Study faces in the City and compare them with faces in the law courts—excluding the dock, the jury and the witness-box—and your conclusion is inevitable. Of whom do you expect the more amusing converse, of the average barrister and doctor of your acquaintance, or of the average City man? Why, even men of letters with all the disadvantages of seclusion, talk better than City men. Wit and humor are surely a fair test of the matter: are you generally amused by the funny stories current in the City? With all my bitter experience of the public taste, I should not expect a fortune if I printed them. And it is useless to tell me that City men do not set up for wits and humorists—that they are too busy. I do not admit their frantic preoccupation, as I have explained, but as a matter of fact they are professed wits, if not humorists: they vaunt their jokes wherever they go. It will not do: intelligence is in a poor way in the City, and I am convinced that any man possessing it who will take some technical trouble may make his fortune there.

I do not wish, however, to appear prejudiced against the City. I should not so appear, for I have accused it merely of idleness and stupidity, and I am quite at home with both these qualities. But I will pass to direct eulogy. A matter on which I can frankly congratulate the City is its unexpected beauty of nomenclature. I had to visit two solicitors there the other day, and one of them lived in Idol Lane, and the other in St. Michael's Vicarage. I passed Rood Lane on the way, and I believe Harp Lane is thereabouts. There is an Angel Court, if I am not mistaken. What spots are these for spiritual poets and shadowy chroniclers of the beautiful! It is said

that the hazards of commerce are the true romance of modern life. What wonder, indeed, is this when commerce dates from such addresses? How they bring before you the mediæval Church, saints and martyrs and lovely ritual! Poetry makes shift with Mecklenburgh Square or Porchester Terrace. But I almost regret that the beautiful City names are old: I would grant our City men a grim and diabolical humor had they invented them.

I may, with sincerity, congratulate the City on another quality—its reticent dignity. I have heard men, indeed, in City restaurants vaunt their dealings with thousands, but I conceive that this was not vanity, but business: imaginary thousands were a bait for solid tens, and in any case the men were not representative. Your City man of a good type makes it a point of honor neither to vaunt success nor to bemoan failure. He will learn of loss quietly, and with little acrimony against those who have inflicted it. This is a good quality, part of that gift of public order which is the civilization of the North, as that of the South is the gift of social happiness. I like this quality, but I am reminded that beyond the City, when it is in its place, it spreads too far, as concerned with money. In the City, where the game is wholly one of money, to mention riches is to brag of success, to mention poverty is to confess defeat. So it is well to do neither there. But in other places, where money need not be the alpha and omega of life, I think reticence concerning it goes too far. It has an ugly implication. It implies, firstly, that a man's money, or lack of it, is the most sacred matter in his life. And the only explanation why the mention by a man of his poverty makes his hearers uncomfortable is that poverty is thought a necessary discredit. Nobody is inconvenienced by the mention of gout or some other such ill-fortune. And

the idea that poverty is discreditable is merely the most offensive, as it is, perhaps, the most inevitable, characteristic of a materially successful race. But I wander from the City.

In setting down such ideas of it as have come to me for the moment, I have written of the City as such, of City men as I have seen them there. It is, of course, absurd to define men nowadays by so narrow a limit. Men of every society are found in the City—men of fashion, if the phrase be current still, sportsmen, men of pleasure, even lovers of books. When they leave the City every day, they, for the most part, leave it entirely and become something quite other than City men till they return the next day. The City man who lived there, and was nothing else, was of a past generation. Yet it is foolish to suppose that habits of mind in practice for several hours every day do not unconsciously linger when those hours are over; and I think the contemporary fact that men of every society and set are engaged in commerce has its connection with the contemporary fact that every society and set tends to take money for its chief consideration. Is it absolutely a national habit? One sees it everywhere nowadays. Even they who ought to be Bohemian, brilliant young people who write and paint, are reckoning their royalties and sales. It is a little depressing. It is hard but that a universal atmosphere should get into individual lungs, so that those in whose pursuits merit brings little money and faults bring much may be tempted to desertion or regrets. But if a man's aim in life be money chiefly, he should go where money is. No amount of fretting an artistic conscience will bring him a large fortune. He should go into the City and try his wits, and if I am right about intelligence, he should succeed. It is not altogether an unamusing place. An uncompromising aim and standard pro-

duce a rough cynicism that sometimes refreshes one in the muddle of opposing theories. The element of gambling is pervasive and stimulating. No, it is not altogether a dull place, but I decline to believe in the constancy of its energy, the breadth of its intelligence, or the cleverness of its jokes.

THE STRAND.

Who would dare to write anything of Fleet Street? Not I, and in fact I am glad to say I know but little of it, greatly disliking its appearance. We come westwards to the Strand. But I cannot avoid writing about myself if I am to write about the Strand, because such amenities as it has for me are entirely a matter of childish associations. Those who have none of these pleasant memories cannot appreciate it as I; but I fancy many people are in my own case. If I were to come upon the Strand for the first time to-day, it is likely it would not engage my sympathies very warmly. If you cared to point out to me that it is obstructive and evil-smelling, and peopled by an unattractive type of loafer, I could make no defence of it. Taken as it stands, its evils are indefensible, but to me and some others, from ten years old to fifteen, the Strand was a sort of Mecca of pleasure-lovers: it meant theatres—there were few then west of it in town—and theatres were then the acknowledged princes of amusement. Pleasant was the sight of it when one went to the play comfortably with one's people, and pleasant the sight of it when one sneaked there alone—as I boast to have done at twelve—with enough money for an afternoon pit. At fifteen or so, however, your British schoolboy grows sophisticated and (in all probability) a bit of a snob, and he becomes aware that the Strand and its theatres are not the haunt of the aristocratic *roué*. It is then no longer Mec-

ca—merely a casual oasis in the desert of boyhood's routine. But I am happy to say that in my own case this knowledge was counterbalanced by another attraction. For some reason, which I cannot recall, it was in the Strand that I localized that life of impecunious but persistent pleasure-seeking which I read of in *The Sporting Times*, a life which I sturdily believed to be unceasingly brilliant, and the details of which (I believed them all to be true) I read every week with religious care in my study at school. The idea of this life quite fascinated me—its joyous carelessness, its cynicism, its behind-the-scenes-ness, its lack of discipline and moderation. I hope it was all real: it was an agreeable atmosphere to my imagination. Well—I placed it in the Strand, and on my way to a theatre I looked wistfully at the passers-by, as who might see unconsciously one of those brilliant beings whom I did not know. And then at nineteen came the university, and one's "comrades of college," as Florac called them, introduced one to other quarters of public pleasure, more exciting than the old, and so the Strand slid down from its pedestal.

But now when I walk down it these memories of pleasure, partly enjoyed, but in greater measure imaginary are stronger and sweeter far than those I have as I pass the scenes of later and more actual amusement. The gala pleasures, as it were, of early manhood, are not, so far as London is concerned, most agreeable to recollect: they are most often tedious, not seldom coarse and even vulgar. The philosopher of mature years remembers them perhaps without the weakness of regrets, but he has small desire indeed to re-enact them, and the places where they were pursued have small charm about them. But in childhood there was, even about pleasures so little ethereal as play-going, a quality of

imagination which redeemed them from banality and connected them with the finer pleasures—in childhood or in later life—that came of imagination working on books. And I would even claim that the callow boy's imagination of such trite gaelties as I have indicated, his vague idea of brilliant dissipation, is not without its excusable quality of temperament: certainly it is better than the actual dissipation of succeeding years, and its locality may be honored without shame.

So the Strand with its malodorous restaurants and uninteresting shops and loafing, soulless crowds is dear to me in a way. Of its actual state, as it appears to older eyes, there is nothing very pleasant to say. It is the haunt still of lesser actors, who go there, I suppose, on business or to meet their friends. The stage, like the turf, marks the faces of its servants, and they preserve as far as they are allowed, the ancient and picturesque instinct of distinctive dress. But the charm of faces or of dress is not enduring, if I may say so. Even the air of importance, which I admit is amusing at first, somewhat palls upon me . . .

A great portion of a Strand crowd is, I admit, not certainly intelligible to me. I mean those people neither obviously actors nor journalists nor betting men, who drag themselves wearily along and look in at shop-windows. They are mostly young men, and I conjecture that these are the counterpart, on a lower plane of the social hierarchy, of the men who stroll down Piccadilly of a morning. Just as the country squire and the man home from India like to stroll to their clubs down Piccadilly, so, I imagine, does the young provincial clerk, in town for a few days' pleasuring, and not knowing what to do with his mornings, loaf wearily about the Strand and look at photographs in shop-windows and the

halls of the theatres. My occasions take me too seldom to the Strand to be acquainted by sight with its constant figures, familiar, no doubt, to its habitual frequenters. The only one I can remember who used at one time to give it coherence, as it were, and continuity to me, was a sporting peer (now deceased) of some notoriety, a man extraordinary for his hats and remarkable for his waistcoats: he was often in the Strand when I passed it, and was easy to remember. Do you not like these familiar, personally unknown, faces, who seem always to meet you in certain parts of the town? There is an old gentleman I always see in St. James's Street, and a younger I always see in Piccadilly, when I take my walks abroad: I do not know who either of them is, but I have many personal acquaintances whose death would pain me less. I regret I have no such unknown familiar in the Strand.

No, the Strand as I see it now does not attract me. But these memories, imperfect, banal, as you may think them, prevent my speaking ill of it. What days, when the theatre was real enchantment—even the theatre in contemporary London! Love of the foot-lights dies hard, but it is tried with tolerable severity. Even then the delight must have been suggestive mainly. When, at sixteen, one sat in one's stall at the Gaiety, with a gardenia in one's button-hole and a stick, as the custom was then, between one's knees, it was not, I suppose, the wit of Mr. Burnand's puns, or Miss Gilchrist's poses, or even the catching vivacity of Miss Nelly Farren, that formed one's chief enjoyment. One had heard stories—ah, dear precocious days when behind-the-scenes was mystery and cynicism a joy! They must not pull down the Strand in my time.

ST. JAMES'S AND MAYFAIR.

I write of these two parishes together,

because if to-day their atmospheres differ vastly, a hundred years ago and earlier—and that is more important—their atmospheres were much the same. It would be easy to give you a list of engaging persons who lived in one and the other, but it is not necessary. When you think of the town of a century to two centuries ago, you think of these parishes: it extended farther eastwards, to be sure, but these remain with much of their old appearance, and the persistence of fashion in them to some extent helps to make familiar the fashion of old days. In Mayfair and St. James's lived those dear people with elaborate manners whose rudeness on occasion could be so very much to the point, those men who bowed with such an ample grace to one another, and presently ran one another through the middle, those women who wrote "Dear Sir" to their most intimate friends and reduced the scandal they whispered behind their fans to terms so elementary. They were so punctilious in little things, those dear people, and so courageous when it came to the things that matter. Heigho, they had something to talk about! "Have you heard the new use for a bed-curtain ring, my dear?" "Lord, child, what can you mean?" "'Tis to get married with." "My dear—" "As I'm a person of honor, 'tis true. My lord duke of Hamilton hath set the fashion. He must get himself married in the night, so he wakes up your neighbor the parson, and for want of a ring prepared—you conceive the occasion was something of the hastiest—he weds the blushing nymph with a bed-curtain ring." "Last night—married—why, who—" "The happy virgin, my dear, was the incomparable Gunning." "That—" "Hush! my dear, you speak of her Grace of Hamilton." They must have enjoyed their conversation.

I am prepared to hear you say that the savor of these times is coarse,

something animal. It is so easy to be misled by the use of periphrases for monosyllables. All the scandal that ever was talked comes to elementary facts; I suggest that the clash of swords makes a better accompaniment for it—merely from an aesthetic point of view—than the growl of heavy leading articles. But it is monstrously simple to suppose that the lives led in Mayfair and St. James's a hundred years ago were more elementary than those led to-day. The “morals” of idle and wealthy people in every age are, climate for climate, much alike. My own belief is that the more highly placed of the older period were less materialized: certainly money, as such, was of less importance to them and taste of greater. Appreciation of the arts came chiefly from them, as it certainly comes not now. Morals, in the limited sense to which we are accustomed, are colored by such a fact though they may not be changed. But I claim only equality. Unless humanity in general disgust you, there is nothing that should disgust you in particular with the lives of these parishes in past centuries.

If one had to say offhand what were the characteristics of Mayfair and St. James's that distinguish the last century from our own, or at least from three-quarters of it, one might say that the material characteristic was color, the spiritual was irony. The former difference is too obvious for comment. Horace Walpole asked Lady Townshend to choose his clothes for his niece's wedding: she chose him “a white ground with purple and green flowers.” I should like to have seen such guests trooping to a house in Pall Mall, with a May sun shining his best on them. As for the irony, I think it distinguished that time from ours even more than did the brocade and the purple. The letters and memoirs picture it constantly; it was evidently the tone of

pleasant breeding. To relate the most eccentric of actions with a grave dispassionateness—to regard life as an amused unconscious spectator, that was the right air. It is almost gone, I imagine. People take life as a bicycle race: they took it then as a saunter. The “pace” in one sense was perhaps greater, but there were longer breathing-times and pauses. Hence irony was possible: people struggling to keep heads above social water—or to push them under—cannot be dispassionate in their comments.

So the atmosphere that imagination calls up in the parishes is that of a picturesque game of life, a leisurely dance, with the exhilaration in the air that came from hidden currents of hot blood and desires accomplishing themselves without fear or scruple. Some charm of those frontless, uncompromising, patched beauties, and of the men who drank and gambled and intrigued in politics and love and fought for their country and fought one another, and sometimes shot themselves—some charm of a gayer, statelier, more brightly wicked time lingers in the places where they lived.

To me the charm of these places is almost wholly of the past. But I must venture an idea or two of the present. As I said, Mayfair and St. James's have different atmospheres, the one from the other, now. Mayfair suggests plutocracy. St. James's is rather imppecunious than otherwise. There are so many stray men of poor fortunes in its attics. St. James's Square and a few houses in St. James's Place are about the only harborage of whole families, plutocratic or otherwise: the rest is clubs and shops and lodging-houses. In the ten years or so of my acquaintance with St. James's Street has been constant, it seems to be growing less dignified. There is—it seems to me—more blatant noise of newspaper-boys, more orange-peel, more bits of

paper in the street than was once the case. But St. James's remains the district of all others in town where a stray man should live, unless he lives in the Temple. It has associations and a pleasant atmosphere of a kind even now. The Palace and the guards outside it, and the house across the way, give it dignity for the circuit of an acre or so. It does not swarm with miscellaneous crowds on Sunday as does Piccadilly, but there is always some interest of humanity as you stroll about or look out of a club window. The milk is carried round by women with the pails slung across their shoulders; they suggest a game of Arcadia. There is a gratification also in living near St. James's Square, certainly the most dignified square in the town. I have never been able to understand how anybody not the twentieth duke of his family and the possessor of several estates in the country can presume to live in St. James's Square, and I have always felt it to be an honor and a pledge of a dignified life to live, as it were, round the corner of it. It speaks of ducal lines. And so the Palace

speaks of Courts, though to be sure the last Court interesting to me was held in Whitehall. But I am drifting back to old times: enough to say that St. James's is the proper district for your single man.

Those who need a whole house may go to Mayfair, if (by the way) they can afford it. But one can only speak of its present state in a sorrowful whisper. The names of its streets and the appearance of its houses, or many of them, warrant your living there, if you must be fashionable. It is still a thousand times preferable to Belgravia—the shoddy-looking, the ugly beyond compare. But it has heart-breaking associations with mere millionaires, with wealth run to fatness, never to elegance. It has taken to itself a heavy dull appearance; there are parts of it where I am forced to repeat old letters by heart to withstand the force of present pomp and tedium. Still—we must make the best of it. It is the best we have in the way of domestic fashion. But I can't write more of it without quotations.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(*To be concluded.*)

TO THE POOR MAN'S CARDINAL.

I, wakeful for the skylark voice in men,
Or straining for the angel of the light,
Rebuked am I by hungry ear and sight,
When I behold one lamp that through our fen
Goes hourly where most noisome; hear again
A tongue that loathsomeness will not affright
From speaking to the soul of us forthright,
What things our craven senses keep from ken;
This is the doing of the Christ; the way
He went on earth; the service above guile
To prop a tyrant creed; it sings, it shines;
Cries to the Mammonite: Allay, allay
Such misery as by these present signs
Brings vengeance down; nor them who rouse revile.

George Meredith.

A FAMILY LIVING.

I.

"My dear, it is quite impossible," said the Squire, with that decisive ring in his voice which his daughter knew so well. "I like Heathcote very much. He is a gentleman; his birth and breeding are undeniable; and he is good-looking enough for any young woman, if that were all. But as things are at present, I must say no."

It was a fine oak-panelled room, furnished as the library of a country house. The latticed windows were wide open, and the quaint old garden, with its smooth-shaven lawns and stone terraces, where a sedate peacock was sunning himself in all his glory, wafted a pleasant odor of summer flowers into the cool, quiet room. The two people who occupied it were worthy of their surroundings. The Squire sat at his writing-table, a hale, white-haired man of nearly sixty, but as upright and active as many a young man of half his age. He had a kindly, cheerful face, but it was a strong face too, and the men whom he had led in the Crimea forty years before, though they adored their captain, knew that he was not to be trifled with. His daughter, who stood by his side, made a charming picture of youth and grace, with that dim, old-fashioned room as a background to her fair beauty. Her summer dress of white, with the roses at the waist, showed off her slender figure to perfection. But just now there was a look of trouble on her pretty face and in her sweet gray eyes.

"I don't say that things may not alter" the Squire went on. "I shouldn't have the slightest objection to your marrying a clergyman. A country person who is as well connected as Heathcote is as good as anybody—that is to

say, if he has a position and an income. At present, however, our friend has neither."

"But, father," said the girl, "Lord Hurlingham is sure to give him a living by-and-by."

"Then if both of you are still of the same mind," answered the Squire, "when the by-and-by comes you can ask me again. But, my dear Marjory, you must understand that I absolutely decline to let you engage yourself to a curate with a hundred and twenty pounds a year."

"He has much more than that, father," pleaded the girl; "and you would give me something, wouldn't you? And the living is sure to come."

"My dear, we will wait until it does," answered the Squire; and he took up The Field with the air of a man who has closed an interview.

But Marjory still lingered.

"You know, father, after all, we *are* engaged," she said presently.

The Squire laughed and put down his paper.

"My dear child," he said, drawing his daughter towards him, "I am not going to begin to play the harsh father at my time of life, and I have not the slightest objection to your considering yourself plighted to Heathcote forever. I don't want to make you miserable by saying you sha'n't see him, or anything of that sort. I should consider it an impertinence even to ask you not to do anything which your mother could have blamed you for if she had been alive; and as for Heathcote, I have every confidence in his good faith. I simply say that at present I see no chance of your getting married, and until I do I cannot countenance anything like a public engagement. Now give me a kiss and run away, for I'm busy."

Poor Marjory went disconsolately out of the room. As she closed the door of the library the grandfather clock on the other side of the big stone hall began to chime. Marjory's face brightened. "I didn't know I had been so long," she said to herself as she caught up a shady straw hat from the table and went quickly through the open door out into the garden.

Across the sunny lawn with its spreading cedars, through the little iron gate into the park, and down towards the road that ran the other side of the high stone wall, hurried Marjory. At one point the ground rose to where a clump of beeches and a thick shrubbery of rhododendrons made a delightful, shady spot from which an onlooker might watch everything that went on up and down the quiet country road. Not much went on just here, however, and at this particular time the village was busy over its midday meal, and no one was in sight on the white strip of dusty road that ran under the wall. The view in one direction was obscured by the overhanging branches of the trees which spread over the wall above the stretch of turf that lay between it and the road. Marjory had not been waiting long, however, before the dull thud of the hoofs of a horse cantering was heard, and from under the trees a young man mounted on a chestnut mare appeared, and reined up just under where Marjory was leaning over the wall. He was a very good-looking young man, with crisp fair hair and a pair of laughing blue eyes. You would not at first sight have taken him for a clergyman, for he wore a pair of white riding breeches, high patent boots with spurs, a loose gray jacket, a white straw hat with a black ribbon round it, and he looked very smart indeed. But if any one had criticized his unclerical dress he would have pointed triumphantly to his white tie and to the absence of color in his costume.

"Well, Marjory," he said, "what luck?"

"Oh, Ralph," answered Marjory dejectedly, "it's no use. Father won't hear of it."

"So he said," replied Ralph reflectively. "But I thought you might be able to talk him over."

"He says we must wait until you get a living."

"Oh, the deuce!" murmured Ralph.

"Ralph, dear, you shouldn't say things like that—and you a clergyman," said Marjory reproachfully.

"My dear child," said Ralph laughing, "I know I shouldn't. But it's very difficult to realize that I'm not an undergraduate still. I should be all right, you know, if I had you to keep me in order."

"I wish you could then," sighed Marjory. "You need it badly."

"You know, after all," said Ralph, becoming serious again, "I can make up nearly three hundred a year, and I suppose you will have something. I don't really see why we shouldn't rub along on that until the living comes. Uncle Hurlingham is sure to give me the first that falls vacant. In fact, he would be only too delighted to get rid of some of those old sticks of uncles and cousins if they could be got to move on a bit. I wish to goodness it wasn't the fashion in our family to make such a lot of us parsons and cram us into the family livings. I would much rather have been a soldier!"

"Then you wouldn't have met me, you know," said Marjory.

"No, you darling, I shouldn't," answered Ralph, standing up in his stirrups to kiss her hand, which hung over the stone coping of the wall, which having been accomplished, he wanted to kiss her lips. This also having been accomplished—not without difficulty, owing to Nora, the bay mare, refusing to stand still—Ralph sat down in his saddle again and proceeded to remark:

"After all, Marjory, I make rather a good parson, don't you think?"

Marjory laughed.

"I don't know so much about that," she said. "I know the poor people like you awfully, but I don't think you talk to them very seriously, do you?"

"Of course I don't," answered Ralph. "Why should I? I expect your father would be rather surprised if I walked into his house while he was dining and asked him how his soul was!"

"He might think it a little odd," assented Marjory.

"Well, if it's odd in the hall it's odd in the cottage," decided Ralph; "and I'm not going to do it. Any other remarks?"

"I shouldn't describe your sermons as exactly brilliant, you know," said Marjory with a smile.

"Well, that's not my fault," answered the Reverend Ralph. "You should talk to the fellow who wrote 'em. But you marry me, my dear little girl, and you shall write them yourself. Then you can't complain. Anything else?"

"I don't think your clothes are very clerical," said Marjory, looking critically at his polished boots and spotless breeches.

"That's where I don't agree with you," said Ralph. "I don't wear them for swagger. If I were a layman I could dress in brown boots and breeches or gaiters, or anything else you like. As I am a parson I can't, so I wear these."

"You know, Ralph," said Marjory, "you would have to give up Nora if we were married now. We couldn't afford to keep horses."

"My angel," said Ralph, "I would give up any mortal thing to marry you! All the same," he added, "we should have to keep one horse. We must get about somehow."

It will be perceived that the Reverend Ralph Heathcote was not very practical in his ideas, and perhaps the

Squire was not to be blamed for refusing to give away his daughter to a young gentleman who expected to be able to keep a wife and a horse on three hundred a year.

Just then the big bell over the hall began to ring.

"I must go," said Marjory, "or I shall be late for lunch. Good-bye, Ralph dear, and do try and behave a little more like a clergyman."

"All right, Marjory," replied Ralph as he rode away. "I'll come up to dinner in a cassock and biretta this evening."

II.

It was the Squire's somewhat unsociable habit to read his paper while he ate his breakfast, and there was, as a rule, but little conversation between himself and his daughter during the course of that meal, unless the Squire felt bound from time to time to make some criticism on the evil ways of the Radical party, or a comment on any event of social importance. Marjory was used to his ways, and was quite content to sit silent, occupied with her own musings, and maintaining a quiet watchfulness over the Squire's temporal wants.

One August morning, some weeks after the date of the last chapter, she was much more than content not to have to keep up a show of conversation, for on coming down to breakfast she had found among the letters laid by her plate one directed in Ralph's boyish handwriting, the contents of which gave her ample food for reflection. Ralph was shooting in Scotland, and the parish was under the sole care of the rector, who left the parish pretty much to its own devices.

"Hullo, Marjory!" cried the Squire presently. "Here is something that will interest you."

Marjory looked up. She knew from Ralph's letter what was coming.

"We regret to have to announce," said the Squire, "the death of the Reverend Lord Augustus Heathcote, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. The deceased clergyman was honorary canon of Sidnacester, and held the valuable living of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, which is the annual value of 1,300*l.* He was a brother of the sixth Marquis of Hurlingham and uncle of the present peer, into whose hands a valuable piece of preferment thus falls. Lord Augustus was an adherent of the old Evangelical school, and, though not a man of commanding intellect, was much beloved in his parish for his courtesy and his unfailing kindness to the poor."

"Commanding intellect!" commented the Squire. "No I should think not. I have heard my father say that he was one of the wildest young fellows in the University in his day, and one of the most popular."

"I have heard that all the Heathcotes have charming manners," remarked Marjory, with a conscious blush.

"We know of one that has—eh, Marjory?" said the Squire with a sly smile. "Well, now I wonder if our young gentleman will be made Canon of Sidnacester and Rector of Thorpe-cum-Thingummy. I don't know about the 'old Evangelical school,' though. It doesn't sound as if it fitted very well, unless it means a good seat on a horse."

Marjory laughed.

"I shouldn't think they would make Ralph a canon just yet," she said. "I had a letter from him this morning about it." This with an unconscious air, at which the Squire's eyes twinkled. "I wish his language was a little more clerical. I don't know what his bishop would say if he were to read some of his letters."

"I don't think his bishop, or any one else, is likely to be allowed to, is he?" asked the Squire.

Marjory ignored this remark.

"He says: 'You will see by the papers that old Uncle Gus has gone off the hooks. He was one of the best—' No, that isn't the part."

"Oh, go on," said the Squire. "One of the best what?"

"He was one of the best riders across country," resumed Marjory obediently, "in his day at Cambridge. I wish I was half as good. He was a really good old man, and gave up going to race meetings without a murmur when he got his canonry. So shall I when I get mine. Dear old fellow! I remember staying with him when I was at Eton, the year Ayrshire won the Derby. We got awfully fond of each other, and he taught me more about a horse than I ever knew before. Oh, my dear—ur—ur—ur—ah, here it is! 'Uncle Hurly asked me yesterday whether I was clever among the mothers, or good at bringing down a rocketting Dissenter, because old Gus Heathcote was a dab at both. So that looks all right, but he hasn't said anything definite yet. The fellows here are a rare good lot. We had a little sweep in the smoking-room yesterday as to when my name would appear in the paper as the Rector of Thorpe. I drew the first of September—an auspicious date. I should like to come in with the partridges!' That's all there is about that, I think," concluded Marjory.

"Ah, well," said the Squire, "we must wait and see what turns up."

That morning the Squire went up to town for a few days, and Marjory was left alone among her flowers and books.

But she was anything but unhappy. In the morning she was all about the old house like a gleam of sunshine. Her face had a happy look, and every now and then she would burst out singing in a way that made the servants stop their work and smile at each other. They knew all about it, and why their young mistress was so happy. What

don't servants know? In the afternoon she would take a book and dream away the sunny hours in a hammock under the shade of the big trees on the lawn, or wander by the little brook in the park, where she and Ralph had often fished for trout. In the evening she would sit by the open window of her own little room, which commanded a view of the church and the rectory, where Ralph lived with the old bachelor rector. There she would build all sorts of castles in the air, and lay plans for the time when she would look after all the old people in Ralph's parish, and see that the young gentleman himself did not compromise his position by undue frivolity.

Every morning Marjory looked carefully through the *Morning Post* for an announcement of Ralph's expected appointment, but none had appeared as yet. On the first of September nothing was there. "He will lose his stake anyhow, the naughty boy," said Marjory to herself.

That evening the Squire was to return, and Marjory went to the station to meet him.

"Here's an evening paper for you," said the Squire as they drove out of the station yard. "I could only get this Radical rag, but it contains the news you want, Miss Marjory."

The news Marjory wanted appeared in the following attractive form:

"We imagine that the iniquities of the system of private patronage in the Established Church have never received a more glaring illustration than the way in which that noble patron of Church and State, the Marquis of Hurlingham, has disposed of his latest piece of preferment. We hear, on very good authority, that the valuable living of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, worth something like 1,500*l.* a year of income with a fine house, has been offered by his lordship to his nephew, the Rev. Ralph Heathcote, who will naturally consider

himself the most suitable person to fill the position. This young gentleman about three years ago was riding with the drag at Cambridge and running horses on the University steeplechase course at Cottenham. The time he could spare from these and similar pursuits he devoted to acquiring that ignorance of theology which is considered indispensable for those who are to take orders in the Church of England. Having been ordained about two years, this young man is appointed to take charge of an important parish; and no bishop, if he wanted to, or any one else, has the slightest power to object to the appointment. Lord Hurlingham is patron of seven livings, most of them of considerable value, and it is a curious fact that five of these are held by clergymen of the name of Heathcote, which happens also to be that nobleman's family name. We had to announce a few days ago the death of the late Rector of Thorpe, and we refrained then from giving any details of the clerical career of the Rev. Lord Augustus Heathcote. We may state, however, that the reverend canon is reported to have left a large fortune, a great part of which is said to have been amassed in his earlier years by a successful course of speculation on the turf, while the remainder was probably saved out of that large income which the ratepayers will now have the pleasure of devoting to making another clerical Heathcote comfortable for life. Our only consolation is that this sort of thing cannot last, and that Lord Hurlingham, and patrons like him, have only to effect a few more of these scandalous jobs before the whole corrupt and indefensible system will be swept away. In the meantime we wish the parish of Thorpe joy of its new rector."

"What a shame, father!" said Marjory indignantly, throwing down the paper.

"Let them rave, my dear," said the Squire calmly. "It will take a good deal more influence than they possess to overthrow our old institutions."

III.

If Marjory was happy before, what gay tunes did she sing all about the old house now! The strictures of the evening newspaper on her lover had ceased to affect her by the time the carriage had passed through her father's lodge gate, and a letter from Ralph, which was waiting for her on the hall table, caused her to dismiss the very fact of their existence from her mind; for Ralph wrote to say that he was travelling south by that night's mail, and should come up and see them some time the next morning.

"I think I can guess why," said the Squire as he went up to dress for dinner.

After breakfast the next morning Marjory must needs pick flowers for the house; and the best flowers for that purpose, as every one knew, were to be found some distance away in a little strip of rose garden between a high wall and a yew hedge, through which was a short cut to the church and rectory. It was, therefore, not so surprising, as Marjory declared, that when Ralph made his way up to the Hall, as soon as possible after he reached home, he should encounter that young lady busily engaged in cutting off another rose to add to the four which it had taken her some twenty minutes to cut for her basket.

"Oh, Ralph, you did startle me!" said Marjory, as her lover came up quietly behind her along the grass path and put his hands over her eyes.

"You sweet fibber," said Ralph. "You know you've been waiting for me."

"As if I should!" disclaimed Marjory indignantly.

"I am sorry to have kept you wait-

ing, dear," said Ralph, his arms round her waist, "but I had to clean myself up. One does get so beastly dirty travelling by night. What jolly flowers! And how is the Queen of Roses?"

"If you mean that beautiful rose over there—" said Marjory.

"No, I don't," interrupted Ralph. "I mean this beautiful rose over here."

"Then you shouldn't mean anything so silly," answered Marjory with a blush. "And how is the new Rector of Thorpe?"

"Not much the matter with him, the little scug!" replied Ralph, his face falling.

"What do you mean?" asked Marjory in amazement.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Ralph. "They have given the living to my uncle, who was Vicar of Ashleigh."

"Oh, Ralph!" cried Marjory, the tears of disappointment springing to her eyes, "and we thought it was you!"

They looked at one another in dismay for a few seconds, and then Ralph realized what a blow his announcement must be to her. He drew her towards him tenderly.

"My poor little girl," he said, kissing her on the forehead, "I thought you knew."

Marjory's head rested for a little on her lover's shoulder. Then she wiped away her tears.

"Then that horrid paper was all wrong," she said.

"What paper?" asked Ralph.

"Why, *The Evening Messenger*," answered Marjory. "That was the only one we saw. They said a lot of disgusting things about your being too young to have a living, and now you haven't got a living at all."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Ralph. "I have got the living of Ashleigh."

A light came into Marjory's eyes as she looked up into his face.

"Well, then—"

She began slowly, and then stopped

in perplexity, for Ralph still looked sober.

"Do you know the sum the Vicar of Ashleigh scoops in every year?" he asked.

"No," answered Marjory.

"Seventy pounds," said Ralph. "Let's go in and see the Squire."

They found the Squire enlightened, for *The Guardian*, which had arrived that morning, contained the following announcements:

"Rev. Lord Ralph Heathcote, M. A., vicar of Ashleigh: rector of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, Heathshire. Patron, the Marquis of Hurlingham."

"Rev. Ralph Heathcote, B. A., curate of Newsmere: vicar of Ashleigh, Kent. Patron, the Marquis of Hurlingham."

"Good morning, your reverence," said the Squire cheerily. "So you are not to be a rector after all. We don't think much of vicars in this part of the world."

"Vicar is good enough for me," answered Ralph dolefully; "but I don't see much chance of that at present."

"Not much chance!" cried the Squire. "Why, here you are in black and white," and he tapped the open paper with his knuckles.

"Seventy pounds a year and a house," announced Ralph. "Nothing like your bloated clergy for wallowing in luxury."

"Phew!" whistled the Squire, his note and his face falling together.

There was a short silence, which, being interpreted, meant, "What's to be done now?"

The next move in the game lay with the Squire, who chose to make an unimportant one.

"What a rascally thing that newspaper paragraph was, then," he said, with some show of heat. "Really, those fellows ought to be muzzled."

"Have you got the newspaper?" asked Ralph. "I have only heard about it."

"Run and fetch it, Marjory," said the Squire. "I expect Jenkins took it from the carriage."

Marjory went. There was no necessity to disturb Jenkins over his morning glass of ale in his pantry, for she had appropriated the paper herself.

The Squire, left alone with the as yet undesirable suitor, made haste to talk about the moors, and Ralph had been able to put in no further plea by the time Marjory returned with the paper in her hand.

The subject of the paragraph read it through with some amusement. "Poor old Uncle Gus," he said as he laid the paper down. "He never made a bet in his life, not even when he ran horses before he was ordained. If he has left a large fortune, which I should very much doubt, it has probably gone to almshouses or something of that sort. He was a great friend to the poor."

"Well," said the Squire, with an attempt at cheerfulness, perceiving that he was expected to commit himself in some way before the interview closed, "we don't seem to have got much forader, do we?"

This tentative opening was not a success. It was received in dejected silence. Ralph and Marjory stood side by side in front of the Squire's writing-table, almost like two children who had done something naughty and were awaiting sentence.

The Squire began again with more seriousness. "I suppose things must remain as they are for a bit longer, eh? What are you going to do about this living—accept it or rub along here until you get something better?"

"I thought you knew, sir," began Ralph with some hesitation, ignoring the last question, "that as you made such a point about a living, and as—ur—I've got a living." Here he came to a full stop. The Squire thought it time to assume his magisterial air. He sat

up in his chair and shuffled some papers on his table.

"My dear Heathcote," he said, "you are talking nonsense, or you would have done if you had completed your sentence. If I refused to give my daughter to a young man on 140*l.* a year of professional income, or whatever the sum is, it is not likely that I shall reconsider my decision because he contemplates a step which will reduce his income to half that amount. What's more," added the Squire, "I don't think you ought to ask it."

Ralph found no reply to this speech, and Marjory could only recall the rare occasions of her childhood on which it had been necessary for her governess to hand her over to her father to be reprimanded. But it was not in Ralph's sunny nature to be downcast very long. He straightened himself up with a sigh.

"Well," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "I must go and prepare my sermon for tomorrow evening."

Marjory cast a hurried look of apprehension at her father, who struggled for a moment with his inclinations and then lay back in his chair with a great peal of laughter.

"It is only fair that we should all have our innings," he said, as he recovered himself. "Come up and dine after you have delivered it."

Marjory walked with Ralph across the lawn, past the shrubberies and as far as the rose garden, where they sat down together in a yew arbor and talked matters over.

"Uncle Hurlingham is an old beast," said Ralph vindictively. "He led me to suppose that I was going to Thorpe. I'll be hanged if I'm going to Ashleigh, anyhow, away from you."

"Oh, but Ralph," said Marjory, "won't your uncle be vexed if you don't accept?"

"Yes, he will," said Ralph.

"But you oughtn't to offend him, ought you?"

"No, I oughtn't."

"Are you going to then?"

"Yes."

They both laughed and the conversation took a new lease of life.

"Look at his impudence," said Ralph, "sending the announcement of my appointment to *The Guardian* by the same post by which he offered me the living."

"Never mind about him," said Marjory. "Let us think about you. Could you manage to live there?"

"Oh, I dare say I could," replied Ralph; "he will have to increase the stakes a bit, although I don't suppose he will do much. And perhaps my old governor will increase my allowance, if he can afford it, poor old chap."

"Then, Ralph, I think you ought to go."

"I think so too," said Ralph, "but I don't want to."

"I dare say not," said Marjory imperiously, "but we can't all have what we want. I think you must accept."

"If you say so," answered Ralph, "of course there is nothing more to be said—except," he added as an apparent after-thought, "that I'm not going to."

So Marjory argued, and Ralph teased her as they sat in the yew arbor in the rose garden, but when he got back to the Rectory, before settling down to compose his sermon, he wrote a note to his uncle accepting his offer of the living of Ashleigh.

In the meantime Marjory, who had kept up a brave show of cheerfulness and courage before her light-hearted lover, went back to her little sitting-room and cried bitterly to herself. Everything was so changed since she had last sat at that open window with the light in her eye and happiness in her heart.

"I shall miss him so," she sobbed to herself; "but I am sure it will be best for him. Oh! how long the time will be."

But the next morning a long envelope, directed in a business-like hand, made its appearance among the one or two square ones which the postman had brought for Ralph. Taking it for a bill, he did not open it until he was well on his way driving to a neighbouring parish where he was to take duty. When he did open it, he was for turning Nora's head and making straight back for Newsmere and Marjory, but thought better of it, and kept his news until he appeared in the drawing-room

of the hall that evening, after his Sunday's work was over.

The news was that Reverend Lord Augustus Heathcote's will had been read, and that he was found to have left personality to the amount of 37,000*l.*, half of which was to be held in trust for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Thorpe-cum-Howdale, and the remainder, after the payment of certain small legacies, was to go to his "dear great-nephew, Ralph Temple Heathcote."

Archibald Marshall.

Longman's Magazine.

THE CLOSE-TIME CURATE.

("A speaker at the Birmingham Conference, alarmed at the haste with which some of the clergy rush into marriage, demanded a close time for curates."—*Daily News.*)

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted,
Time was when half the parish schemed and planned
To win a smile from lips that they called sainted
Or press the fingers of my lily hand.
No garden party was complete without me,
I was the first of eligible men,
And charming girls in dozens hung about me—
Ah, me! I was an "open" curate then.

Time was when thrice a day the postman brought me
Socks, sachets, silken slippers for my feet,
And dainty notes from ladies who besought me
To lend my sermon—"it was quite too sweet!"
And offers came from widows who were pining,
To which some soft refusal I would pen,
Expressing thanks, but gracefully declining—
Ah, me! I was an "open" curate then.

But, now, alas, I get no invitations,
The charming girls about me hang no more,
No longer do they work me choice oblations,
The faithless postman passes by my door.
And I, whose presence ladies all but fought for,
Have ne'er a party where to make my bow;
I sit at home unheeded and unsought for—
Ah, me! I am a "close-time" curate now.

Punch.

THE HUMAN BOY.*

No falser saying was ever uttered than that "the boy is father to the man." He is nothing of the kind. The girl may possibly be mother to the woman, but the boy is a distinct species by himself. He lives in a world of his own, peopled, through the exigencies of education, entirely by his fellows; he speaks a language apart, constructs his own moral code, and thinks very little indeed of the language, morals and customs of any other world. He is a child, and has the judgment of a child, and yet the fact of having to fight for his own hand at school has taught him a worldly-wise philosophy in dealing with his fellows, worthy of a gray-headed diplomat. "That just shows you, pater, how kids can be led," said an electioneering agent of nine, talking of a schoolboy election in which the small boys had "plumped" for the opposition candidate, moved thereto by the said candidate's "minor," who, living "a kid among kids," had alternately cajoled and bullied his fellows into turning the election. It is perhaps, just this mixture of the child and the trained citizen which makes the boy so difficult to understand. The motives which govern him in one capacity are far below or above those which affect him in the other. As a child he is inconsequent and unreasonable, as a school citizen he is accustomed to concerted action and to consider how to sway his fellows. The most singular thing of all is that half the human race has at one time *passé par là*, and has in later years forgotten all about it. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, however, is a notable exception; he is a man, and yet the days of his boyhood have not slipped from his

memory. He remembers the disused vocabulary, and even the "point of view" still more completely abandoned. He presents us in his latest book with a most vivid picture of his subject, the excellence and truth of which have been instantly appreciated by the "holiday" human boy, who, having devoured the book in a couple of hours, gravely pronounces it to be "ratting." For obvious reasons the stories in the book are all told in the first person. The oblique style of narration would have been too cold and formal to give the proper "local coloring" to the language employed. We could hardly expect Mr. Eden Phillpotts *in propria persona* to talk about "howlers," "jolly peculiar feelings," and things being "pretty measly," or to indulge in the delicious lyric—

"Our Nubby's nose is ponderous,
And our Nubby's nose is long;
So it wouldn't disgrace
Our Nubby's face
If half of his nose was gone,"—

which is, as is remarked by the writer, "not only jolly good poetry, but also true,—a thing all poetry isn't by long chalks, as you can see in Virgil and such-like." This lively style of narrative has, however, one disadvantage, that the teller of the tale is not always the same person. It would perhaps have made for more cohesion in the book if the narrator had continued to be the young gentleman whose "biceps were the biggest in the lower school." But this is merely hypercriticism, and as all the stories are of "Dr. Dunston's" school at Merivale, and all written in the same dialect, the particular boy who purports to be writing does not much matter. The last story in the book "The Buckeneers," is ostens-

* *The Human Boy.* By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen & Co. (8s.)

ibly contributed by a "kid," and the spelling follows suit, the story being about two boys who are "pirits at heart," and who are lectured after the catastrophe by Dr. Dunston as if they were "beests of pray." The other stories are most cleverly differentiated from this one, and are mostly written by the "Lower Fifth." They show far more command of the prejudices governing orthography, and a certain amount of geographical imagination,--as, for instance, when Fulcher, one of the Sixth who was going out to Africa to be a missionary, said he would "glory in martyrdom really; and Nubbs, who knows a good deal about eating, used to write recipes for cooking Fulcher, and post them to imaginary African kings. But I should think that to be merely eaten is not martyrdom, properly speaking. If it is, then everything we eat, down to periwinkles, must be martyrs; which is absurd, like Euclid says."

Although the account of the "barring out" in the wing dormitory is by no means the best thing in the book, the list of provisions laid in by the boys must be quoted here just as it is in the text "to show what different ideas different chaps have about the things you ought to eat in a siege":—

Trelawny.—Two hams, eight loaves of bread.

Bradwell.—Three tins potted salmon, two seed cakes (big), box of biscuits.

Ashby Major.—Ten tins sardines. (*Ashby* has five shillings a week pocket-money, his father being rather rich. Bradwell said it was rather a pity he spent it all in sardines.)

Ashby Minor.—Three pats of butter, three tins Swiss milk, one tin Guava jelly. (Bradwell was awfully pleased about the milk, because he said it was at once nourishing and pleasant to the taste.)

Wilson.—Six dried herrings, two pots veal and ham paste, one pot marmalade. (Herrings useless, unless eaten raw.)

West.—Four bottles raspberry vinegar. (I am West, and I thought raspberry vinegar would be a jolly good thing to break the monotony of a siege. But Bradwell said it was simply a luxury.)

Morrant.—One hamper containing twenty-four apples, twenty-seven pears, two pots blackberry jam. (Morrant has no pocket-money, but Bradwell said the fruit was good for a change.)

Gideon.—Nothing. (Gideon is a Jew by birth, and gets ten shillings a week pocket-money. He pretended he had forgotten. Trelawny says he will suffer for it in the course of the siege.)

Mathers.—Eight pieces of shortbread, five slabs of toffee, seven sausage-rolls. (The rolls were cut in half, to be eaten first thing before they went bad. But Bradwell said Mathers had made the selection of a fool, and so Mathers was rather vexed with Bradwell.)

Newnes.—Ten loaves (five brown), one packet of beef tabloids. (Trelawny congratulated Newnes.)

McInnes.—A lot of spring onions and lettuces, costing one-and-sixpence. (McInnes had been reading a book about chaps getting scurvy on a raft, and he thought a siege would be just the place for scurvy, so he bought all green stuff; and Bradwell said it was good.)

Corkey Minimus.—Three pounds of mixed sweets. (Bradwell smacked his head when he heard what Corkey minimus had got; but Trelawny pointed out that a few sweets served out from time to time might distract the mind.)

Derbyshire.—A pigeon-pie and thirteen currant-buns with saffron in them.

Forrest.—Four pots Bovril, one bottle cider. (Bovril can be taken on bread like treacle, and once saved the lives of several shipwrecked sailors.)

Watson Minor.—One pound dog biscuits, one pound dried figs, one box dates, one tin of shrimp paste. (Asked why he took dog biscuits, he explained it was because he had seen an advertisement about the goodness of them. It said they had dried buffalo meat in them, which was a thing you could live for an immense duration of time on. Trelawny said that was pretty fair sense for a kid.)

After the provision of all this "splendid food," it is sad to read that the

"barring out" had the usual humiliating end.

"Nubby" Tomkins, whose name has been mentioned above, is a great character in the book, and a person of varied accomplishments. He is a "corker" at "singing," and his accomplishments in this direction give him cause for serious uneasiness. He thinks he will "get bacilliuses or microbes into some important part of me and die. It's like those books the Doctor reads to the kids on Sundays, with choir-boys in them. The little brutes sing like angels, and their voices go echoing to the top of cathedrals, and make people blub about in the pews. Then they get microbes on the chest, and kick. You know the only thing I can do is to sing; and I shall die as sure as mud." He is very keen on chemistry, too, and "even down to the stuff in cough lozenges, nothing is hid from him." He is the originator of the great firework display that ends in a catastrophe, which every one should read for themselves. It is, however, his biographer Mathers who makes the following philosophical reflection when the Doctor answers "Nubby's" request for permission to have the fireworks, by saying that he will consider the subject and answer later. "That means he'll think and think till he's got a reason why you shouldn't, and let you know then." The consciences of parents and guardians will surely prick as they read this *exposé* of their hidden motives.

There is a delightful piece of reasoning on the part of another boy called Butler, in the story of Morrant's half sovereign. Morrant has lost the coin, and argues that a boy called Fowle,

who knew where he kept it, could not have taken it, because—

"We were both Roman Catholics by religion, and that makes a great tie; and though many chaps hate Fowle pretty frightfully, I've never known him try to score off me, except once, when he failed and apologized.' And Butler said:—"That's all right, I dare-say; but he's a little beast and a cur, and also a sneak of the deadliest dye. I don't say he's taken the money, because that's a libel, and he might, I believe, go to law against me; but I do say that only one out of three people could have taken it, and we know two didn't, therefore Q.E.D. the other must have.' Morrant didn't follow this very clever reasoning on the part of Butler. He only thought that Fowle, being a Roman Catholic, would never rob another; and Butler said he would, because it wasn't like Freemasons, who wouldn't score off one another for the world. He explained that history was simply choked up with examples of Roman Catholics scoring off one another. Butler said:—"Religion's quite different. One Buddhist is often known to have done another Buddhist in the eye, so why shouldn't one Roman do another? In fact, they have thousands of times, as you'll know when you come to read a little history and hear about the Spanish Inquisition."

It is difficult in re-reading and quoting from the book, to realize that it was not really written by boys, so completely has the author entered in their spirit. Let us hope that this will not be the last we shall hear of Nubby and his friends, and that on some future occasion Mr. Phillpotts will once more set forth for us the graceless good-humor and the grotesque charm of the human boy.

THE GREAT ALLIANCE.

The Editor: Have you got that article finished?

Sub-Editor: I am just finishing it, but I can't put the end on until the boy comes back with the atlas. (*Calls down tube*) . . . Higgins! . . . Higgins, are you there? . . . Well, why can't the boy hurry with the atlas?

Ed.: Oh, never mind about the atlas, What is it you want? Perhaps I can tell you.

Sub: No you can't, I must see it on the map.

Ed.: Why? Who is the alliance with this week?

Sub (*curlily*): Japan.

Ed.: Oh, I beg your pardon. That's different. (*A pause.*) I thought it was Germany.

Sub (*calling down tube again*): Why on earth doesn't the boy come with the atlas?

Voice of Higgins (*through tube*): He says they won't let him have it, sir. He says it is in the reference department. The manager says will you come round and look at it yourself.

Sub (*through tube*)—! (*to Editor*): I don't know what we're to do now. We have to go to press almost at once.

Ed.: Why is the atlas so very important?

Sub: Well, I'll show you. I'll read you out the last sentence I had written. (*Reads.*) "It is now a matter of common knowledge, and one upon which we need not insist, that the alliance will be very popular with the old Japanese nobility in—" there, you see, I stick, and I left a blank which I meant to fill up.

Ed.: Never mind, put in "Yedo," or "Skruptschina." That's in Japan, isn't it?

Sub.: I think so, but I am not certain enough to put it in. But anyhow

that's not my main difficulty. Just listen to this. (*Reads.*) "And a glance at the map will show that Yokohama would afford an admirable naval base. It is almost equidistant from—" Now there I stick again, and much worse than before.

Ed. (*thoughtfully*): Ye-e-e-s . . . (*a pause.*) I suppose you couldn't make it Austria?

Sub: Oh, no! I'd have to re-write the whole thing. It is full of tags about "Island Empire of the East," "extended sea-coast" and Lord knows what, and then there is a very fine passage which I wouldn't sacrifice for worlds (*reads*) "between us we should divide the fief of the gorgeous East. Their army and our navy would settle the Chinese question in perpetuity, and the invincible combination of all that is best and brightest in the two hemispheres would impose and realize the dream of a happier humanity."

Ed. (*suddenly*): I know; Russia!

Sub: Well, what about Russia?

Ed.: Put Russia for Japan.

Sub (*doubtfully*): That's all very well, but what about "the Island Empire?"

Ed.: That's all right; put Continental Empire. Oh, it works in awfully well. You put St. Petersburg for Yedo, and there are lots of places equidistant from one of the seaports. You've only got to take your pick.

Sub: I suppose you would like me to take St. Petersburg and make it equidistant from two points in the Gulf of Finland?

Ed.: Don't be sarcastic. We haven't time. Take Vladivostock. That's equidistant from the whole universe, I should think.

Sub: You're being sarcastic now. It's a great shame to spoil that Japan-

nese article; it fitted in beautifully, besides which I was going to put in Russia next month.

Ed. (*brutally*): Well, by that time you'll be up on Japan, so you can bring it in more forcibly.

Sub: It's a great shame, as I said, but I suppose it must be done (*sighs*) . . . (*murmuring to himself as he goes over the MSS.*) . . . "Continental," "Slav . . ." "Continental . . ." "auto-cracy . . ." "Slav . . ." "Continental . . ." "land power . . ." "Empire of the land . . ." (*turns round to Editor*) I say, we can't have "Empire of the land," it sounds absurd; (*regretfully*) I had Empire of the sea for Japan.

Ed.: Put dominion—or "land-dominion;" that's good—"land-dominion."

Sub: Hang it! There's that note!

Ed.: What note?

Sub: Why, the note on page 7, which says that "Russia is the one Power to which our last word has been uttered. And we are not of the blood which withdraws from a challenge."

Ed. (*thoughtfully*): Yes . . . yes, certainly. That'll have to go . . . I tell you what—we can make up with that little notice on Biggs which the family sent in last month.

Sub: No we can't.

Ed.: Why not?

Sub: He's not dead yet.

Ed. (*searchingly*): Are you sure?

Sub (*confidently*): Quite. I called and asked there this evening.

Ed.: Well, then, we must add something more at the end of your article.

Sub (*savagely*): What do you mean by something more? Do you think my articles can be cut up in lengths like string?

Ed.: My dear fellow, don't get angry about it. Let's hear the end and see what can be managed.

Sub (*reads*): "If all this good can be done by the saying of one little word, why is not that little word said? A

heavy responsibility will rest upon our statesmen if the mere weight of tradition or the rust of prejudice should cause them to let such an opportunity go by unheeded."

Ed.: Why, it's quite easy to add to that.

Sub: Is it? You try! It is the hardest thing in the world to add anything on to a good peroration. You never write perorations.

Ed.: Look here, I'll dictate, and you write down, like a good fellow. I think it can be done, and we're awfully hurried.

(*Sub resigns himself to his fate, and writes as Editor dictates.*)

Ed.: "With such a daring scheme no fault can be found save its daring, and daring was not wont of old to be esteemed a forerunner of failure. Peace would be assured for Europe and for the world during at least a century. France might grumble, and Germany might show her spite, but either or both would be powerless before such a combination. The other great branch of the Anglo-Saxon race would be delighted to see two ancient friends of America thus reconciled: and—perhaps most important of all—the Mussulman terror would once for all be finally laid."

A Voice: Copy!

(*The article is put into a little lift, and goes down to the printers. Next day it is read by 255,772 people.*)

Scene: Top of a 'Bus.

Time: 9:30 a. m.

First City Man: Powerful article that in the Hoot this morning. Have you read it?

Second City Man: (*guardedly*): Yes.

First City Man: Very bold, I call it. Very daring.

Second City Man: Well, I don't know; those Russian fellows spend a lot of money in the country.

H. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is reported to be engaged upon a romance of the American Revolution.

Mr. T. Gallon, author of "Tatterley," has completed a new novel, called "The Idol of the Blind," which the Appletons will publish soon.

The Appletons announce a series of "Twentieth Century Text-Books" which will extend to nearly a hundred titles, and will cover the entire field of instruction in high schools, academies and the lower college classes.

The publication of the "Victoria History of the Counties of England" is to begin next year. The parishes and manors of each county have been assigned to competent editors for historical treatment, and the completed work promises to be of unusual scope and value.

The demand for Kipling's writings is said to have been stimulated in England by the war excitement: Rider Haggard's "Jess" has been exhumed and is having quite a run; and Olive Schreiner's books are widely read, in spite of the author's natural sympathy with the unpopular side in the conflict.

Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" is about to be published by Smith, Elder & Co., in an illustrated library edition. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the poet's tomb, in the original colors. There are six portraits of Shakespeare, two of them photogravures and among the other illustrations, eighty or more in number, are views of Elizabethan London, fac-sim-

iles of rare title pages and signatures, and much else that is of historical and personal interest.

Miss Anna Swanwick, who recently died in England at an advanced age, will be remembered as a promoter of education rather than as a literary woman; yet she was the author of versions of "Faust" and "Egmont" and of a translation of *Æschylus*, which were at least laborious and accurate, even though they fell short of being literature.

A pathetic instance of literary collaboration is furnished in the late Mrs. Emma Marshall's "Cross Purposes." The author had written ten chapters when she was attacked by the illness which proved fatal. Her daughter then took it up, but after writing three chapters, grief and illness made it impossible for her to go on and the narrative was completed by Miss Evelyn Everett-Green.

A translation of D. S. Mereshkovski's "Julian the Apostate" is offered by the publishing house of Henry Altemus. Charles Johnston, to whom the rendering into English is due, has done good work. As for the story itself, the character of Julian, as well as of those evil times in which he lived, gives sufficient chance for a vigorous story, and the baffling complexity of the emperor's nature has here full scope to reveal itself.

Mr. Edward Arnold of London, who has published two volumes upon the flora of Palestine, has made a new departure in illustrating them with dried

specimens of actual flowers. Two sprigs of mignonette illustrate the Scriptural reference to "hyssop," the author of the volume believing that the two were identical. The lily of the field shown in the volumes is a rich crimson.

If war has a tendency to repress book-publishing in some directions, it stimulates it in others. The war in South Africa has been in progress but a few weeks, yet the London literary journals already teem with advertisements and reviews of stories, travels and military narratives relating to that region, and by a kind of sympathetic association to other parts of Africa as well. Not a few publications which had disappeared into the limbo of unsuccessful books have been revived for the emergency.

A study of the drink traffic, "Wine on the Lees," by J. A. Steuart, is an intense story whose hero, the Hon. Vincent Twickham, is the son of a wealthy brewer. Discussions as to the injurious effects of "Twickham's ale" set the young member of Parliament to investigating for himself the condition of the slums and the state of those dregs of humanity who have come to depend upon his father's productions. Young Twickham, once started on his path of investigation, brings out upon a totally different vantage-ground from that of the worldly set among whom he lives. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Fearful to live in but fascinating to read of now, long feuds between powerful families furnish incidents for our most thrilling tales of adventure. "Shameless Wayne," by Halliwell Sutcliffe, tells how a wild young fellow, too reckless to realize that his father has died by treachery and murder, fails to take up the duty of revenge that falls rightly to him, and how he made

good his honor in later days. The very chapter titles are engrossing, but the story itself, with its mixture of romance, of mystery, and of bloodshed is thoroughly absorbing. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

In "A Guide to the Opera," (Dodd, Mead & Co.) a decidedly attractive and useful volume has been provided for the opera-going public. The author, Esther Singleton, has chosen twenty nine of the finest operas for her subjects, representing the best work of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi, Wagner and others, and has elaborated their story forms more perfectly than they are given in librettos. She further elucidates, also, the meaning and fitness of special musical parts. Even apart from its musical value, the book is attractive by reason of its charming style and the world of myth and fairytale which it opens out to its readers.

Under the title "Woman and the Wits" some one has thought it worth while to compile a selection of sarcasms aimed at women by men. A writer in *The Academy* observes that the wags have a tendency to repeat themselves, and their epigrams run on a few lines. He adds:—

Woman's levity of mind, her fondness for money, her talkativeness, her shrewishness, her desire to repair artificially the ravages of time—these are the main topics of reproof. Among woman's satirists (in England) have been Herrick, Donne, Rochester, Swift, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Allan Ramsay, Tom Moore, and so forth, but it is rather a significant fact that a great majority of the epigrams aimed at the weaker sex are of anonymous authorship. Let it not be forgotten, too, that man's epigrammatic wit has not always been employed against woman; it has very often been devoted to her praise—from the days of Ben Jonson and Lady Pembroke to those of Sydney Smith and Mrs. Airey.